

the

LINK

July 1963

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD

CAN CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE?

RELIGION HELPS ATHLETES

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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COVERS

Front and back cover: Greetings on America's 187th birthday!
Cover design by James Dawson.

Inside Front: A pretty girl and her pet. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Anyone for golf? Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Owen Gallagher.

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SOUND OFF

Disagrees with A/3C Yokely

Unless the men in the Air Force are drastically different from those in the Army, I think it would be rather difficult to be a true Christian. Being stationed overseas may be one reason servicemen live in an irresponsible manner, but this is no excuse. Most admit that they are living undesirable lives for they say they will change when they get back home. . . . The problem of getting fellows to come to church, or interested enough to talk about religion, is a gigantic task. . . . We must live lives of love, but we do not. I don't think justice is given the Christian life if it is called an easy life. Read what Jesus said in John 16:33.

To say the Christian life is easy is an imperfect judgment, for the Christian life is not only a constant endeavor to bring others to a complete awareness of the gospel, but also is a continuous struggle to keep our sinful human nature in harmony with God's will.

—Sp4 Theodore J. Schott, Hq. Co., 11 Engr Gp, APO 403, New York, N.Y.
(Sp4 Schott's letter is much longer; but we have tried to present the heart of it, and thank him for writing. Editor.)

Harder Overseas to Live Like a Christian

I agree with A/3C Yokely that it is easy to live a Christian life in the military while you are in the States; but when you are sent overseas, the situation changes. I am a chaplain's assistant and do not find it difficult; but many other men find it very hard to do the right thing. Although I feel it is harder overseas to live a

(Continued on page 65)

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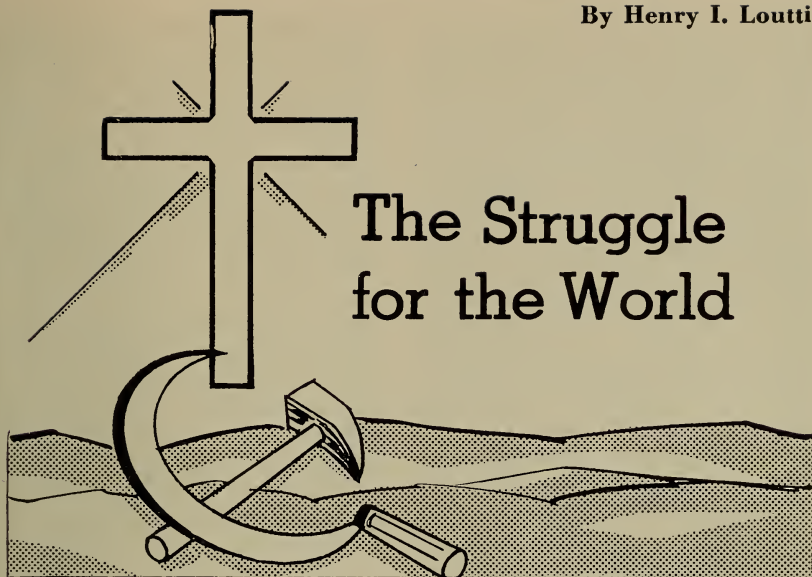
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STAND fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." These words of St. Paul are the clarion call to every Christian in these days of tension, struggle, warfare. Once again our adversary, the devil, walketh about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. This time it is in the guise of atheistic communism centered in Russia and China. We are now engaged in World War III, a to-the-death struggle between communistic Russia and her subject satellites and the democratic United States and her free world allies. At least this is what the Russians and the Chinese think. Hence, we had better face realistically the present facts.

So spake Lenin, "First, we will take East Europe, then the masses of Asia, then we will encircle the United States, which will be the last bastion of capitalism. We will not have to attack. It will fall like an overripe fruit into our hands." So speaks Khrushchev, "Communism will sooner or later rule the world. We live in the epoch of revolution. . . . The day will come [to visiting American industrialists] when we will bury you." So exults their hymn,

'Tis the final conflict
Let each stand in his place
The Soviet International shall be
The human race.

Mistake it not, this is a struggle

Bishop Louttit is the Bishop of South Florida, Protestant Episcopal Church, Winter Park, Fla.

for the world, the freedoms of your life and mine, your nation and mine, your children and mine. Historically this all-out war is a complex affair. It is between the two most powerful nations of the world—Russia and the United States. Their histories remarkably parallel. One started with a handful of people scattered along the seaboard of eastern United States who grew and prospered, conquering a continent and uniting it into a nation, controlling the great land mass of North America. The other started with a handful of people near the border line between Europe and Asia, the duchy of Moscow. Over the long centuries they grew and conquered until the major share of the Eurasian continent was fashioned into a united nation, controlling the greatest land mass of the world. Future historians may well see in this struggle the death throes of the era of nationalism.

From another point of view it is but the latest phase of the age-old tension between East and West. In early centuries this was marked by the raids of Genghis Khan and his Mongolian invaders. Later it showed forth in that great mass migration of peoples known as the Barbarian Invasion when the rough peoples from the north and east of Europe overran the Roman Empire under pressure from peoples from the East. Still later it was evidenced by the Mohammedan conquests which were stopped only at the Pyrenees and the gates of Vienna.

Politically speaking it is a struggle between the democracy of free men and a tyrannical dictatorship. From

an economic point of view it is a contest between individual capitalism and free enterprise versus not communism or even socialism (ownership of resources and means of production by all, used for the good of all), but state capitalism (owned by the state, managed by a bureaucracy, and used for the good of the state).

WITHOUT Russia and China, communism would be a strong influence; with Russia and China it becomes a terrifying force. In fact the harnessing of the dynamism of communism to the strength of Russia-China (not foreseen by Karl Marx who believed the revolution must start among the proletariat, the working people of the industrial nations, and that such a revolution would be impossible among the peasant class) is the epoch-making event of our time.

In the word "dynamism" lies the secret of the struggle. It is a clash of ideologies. Someone facetiously defined an ideology as "irrational notions, stated logically, held emotionally." More realistically an ideology is an idea that dominates the whole of a person, his motives, his thinking, his living; it impels him to fight with a fierce strategy to make everyone else think and live the same way.

It is in fact a battle between philosophies. On the one hand, dialectic materialism; and on the other, theism. Materialism is that world view which sees the ultimate reality of the universe to be matter-energy. It believes that everything in the

universe can ultimately be described (not explained) in terms of physics and chemistry and is finally reducible to a mathematical formula. Theism on the other hand explains the universe and all contained therein on the basis of an eternal God who is its creator and sustainer.

Ultimately it is warfare between universal religions, each offering salvation to all men everywhere and each demanding the loyalty of every man. We never will understand communism until we see it as a Judeo-Christian heresy. It claims to be atheistic and yet it has a supreme power, historical necessity, or, more precisely speaking, dialectic materialism. It has a messiah in one Karl Marx. It has scriptures in *Das Kapital* and the *Communist Manifesto*. It too has Saints Peter and Paul in Lenin and Khrushchev, with the Politburo as the College of the Apostles. In passing, it should be noted that it has a moral standard: "the end justifies the means," forgetting that means are ends in process of becoming. Hence, a bad means cannot produce a good end. This fact those in our midst who bespeak counsels of despair, i.e., we must fight communism with its own weapons, would do well to note. It too has a chosen people, in theory the workers of the world, although in actual fact from Moscow's point of view the Russians, and from the point of view of China the Chinese.

Above all it has a messianic vision, an apocalyptic vision of a new and better or even perfect social order brought about not by a messiah, nor by the Second Coming of our Lord to usher in his kingdom and his eter-

nal reign, but brought about by the catastrophic intervention of the worldwide workers' revolution. Obviously, this universal religion claiming and winning the complete devotion and utter allegiance of men regardless of the cost and sacrifice, ultimately clashes with, and only with, the Christian religion which dares to demand the same absolute and utter commitment to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God.

We must face the fact that our freedom, our democracy, our way of life rests on one foundation only, the Christian faith. It is based on the Christian premise that man was made by God in his own image and therefore has certain inalienable rights and dignities. This is seen in history where the freedom of all men and the rights of all men to have a voice in government are known only where the Christian gospel has been preached and, in part at least, received. This truth is underlined by all dictators' enmity to death toward the Christian church.

THIS we should know from the history of the founding of our nation. Our life begins with a people who left home and kindred, the ways of comfort and security, to span a trackless waste of seas in order to pioneer in a bitter and hostile wilderness that they might worship God in accordance with the dictates of their consciences. The first settlers in Virginia, who were churchmen, began our history with a celebration of the Holy Communion in accordance with the *Book of Common*

Prayer. The very first act of the next settlers, the Pilgrims in New England, was to write the first democratic constitution in the history of mankind, "the Mayflower Compact." It began, "In the Name of God. Amen." By and large the early colonists accepted the philosophy enunciated by William Penn, "Those who are not governed by God will be ruled by tyrants." This is why at our beginning as a nation we could adopt as a motto, "In God We Trust."

Because they accepted the Christian philosophy of history as found in the Scriptures, our founding fathers could preface the charter of our freedoms, the Declaration of Independence, with the firmest act of religious faith that can be expressed in the English language. It acknowledges "the self-evident truth" of God's existence and his supreme place as Father and Creator of all mankind. It extols the brotherhood of man on the basis of the God-created equality of all men. It even defines government as an agency to secure the God-given rights of men.

The choice lies clear. We may accept willingly or unwillingly the final degradation of slavery under atheistic communistic dictatorship, or we must commit ourselves anew to Christ and his church, which is to consecrate ourselves anew to the demanding task of insuring freedom and democracy for the world of men that peace may reign.

In 1959 Max Way wrote a brilliant study entitled *Beyond Survival*. It gives much food for thought. His thesis is that men need a greater vision and a higher goal than merely

to survive. Thus far we seem to be on the defensive only. American life, indeed life in the western world, needs purpose, needs meaning, needs a goal as it struggles in the cold war with communism which has dedicated itself to the domination of the world by atheistic materialism.

Once again we must embrace the philosophy of our founding fathers who, signing the Declaration of Independence, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the new kind of nation struggling to be born. To us as to them there must be something of greater value than mere survival (they pledged their lives). There must be something beyond mere personal and national interest (they pledged their fortunes). There must be something as demanding as the "laws of nature and of nature's God," the moral restraint, the higher responsibility, the broader vision embracing the liberty of all men everywhere under the divine imperative that man is made by God in his own image with inalienable dignities and rights (they pledged their sacred honor).

"We live or die as a society, we succeed or fail, with the idea of order and the idea of freedom, and the idea of God intertwined," Way writes, "or we will be sleepwalking with the instruments of destruction in our hands." For churchmen the call comes clear. We must dedicate ourselves anew to that better social order which we call God's kingdom, where his will reigns. Of this the church, yours and mine, is at once the earnest, the pledge, and God's instrument and agency for its ac-

complishment. That Christ may reign now is the program of the church, its goal and meaning; that we may reign with him eternally is the Christian promise of salvation.

As a nation certainly we must remain on the defensive only in regard to the use of military force. But we must maintain our military might first of all as a deterrent to open and bloody warfare which threatens to be totally destructive through the use of missiles and nuclear power. In the second place, this is the most effective symbol that to us at least freedom is of greater value than mere life. But basically this is a war of ideas, ideals, living faiths, and victory can never come on battlefields but only through winning the hearts and the wills and the minds and the loyalties of men.

THIS then is the task and program of the church. Christ must reign in the heart of every man, in all society, and over all creation. In the long last a better society can be built only of better men; the perfect society, the kingdom of God, out of perfected (sanctified) men. For 2,000 years the church has accepted just this challenge and has labored unceasingly that man might be converted and perfected (sanctified). The measure of her success is witnessed by the vast host, sung and unsung, known and unknown, of craven cowards become faithful heroes, giving themselves without thought of cost, embracing martyrdom, to serve their King. Through twenty centuries by word, worship, sacrament she has transformed sinners, repentant and

forgiven, into saints, soldiers of the Eternal Lord.

His will must reign in all personal and social relationships—political, economic, commercial, industrial, social, racial, national, and international. If Christ be King, of necessity there needs must be a kingdom, a social order over which he reigns.

This is the choice—Christ or that chaos out of which communism may emerge supreme. This is the challenge, that we commit ourselves, all that we are, all that we have, all that we do, to him, his way of life, which is the way of love, the way of sacrifice, the way of the cross, and the way of salvation for every man. This is the challenge, that by our words, our actions, our lives “we so present Jesus Christ in the power of the Spirit, that other men may be won to put their trust in God through him, to accept him as their Savior, and to serve him as their King in the fellowship of his church.” This is the challenge to us, the holy church, “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. . . .”

This is the choice, our complete, enthusiastic, sacrificial support, both personal and financial, of the mission of the church to win the world for Christ, or lose by default the world to Satan in his current atheistic, materialistic, communistic guise, and with it our immortal souls. But there is yet hope: This, brethren, is the hope, the only hope, that God in Christ will yet save this doomed, damned, and hence, desperate world.



13 Men and a Flag



By Vincent Edwards

ONE day the owners of a worsted mill, which was turning out U.S. flags by the thousands for the government in World War I, decided to check on the national origins of all their workers who had a hand in a single flag's manufacture.

Here is what they found out. The flag was made of wool from American sheep. In the process, from start to finish, it was—

Sorted by a Dane,
Corded by an Italian,
Spun by a Swede,
Warped by a German,
Dressed by an Englishman,
Drawn in by a Scotsman,
Woven by a Belgian,
Supervised by a Frenchman,
Inspected by a Swiss,
Scoured by an Albanian,
Dyed by a Turk,
Examined by an Irishman,
Pressed by a Pole.

If this record proves nothing else, it goes to show how wide and varied and yet all-inclusive is the pattern of democracy. It seems all the more appropriate, therefore, that the Great Seal of the United States carries the impressive motto—*E Pluribus Unum*, "One out of many."

If You're After Laughter

Somnambulist

The new minister drew one of his parishioners aside. "I sincerely trust," he said, "that nothing in the sermon offended your husband. I noticed he walked out right in the middle of my sermon."

"Oh, my," laughed the woman, "you mustn't pay any attention to George. He's been walking in his sleep since he was a baby!"—E. E. Kenyon in *American Weekly*.

Three Things Wrong

After the sermon one layman was talking with another about the preacher's sermon. "There were three things wrong: First, he read it. Second, he read it poorly. Third, it wasn't worth reading."

Right There!

A well-known zoologist had announced that he was trying to cross a parakeet with a black panther. "Good heavens," exclaimed a newspaper reporter. "What do you expect to end up with?"

"Well, I can't rightly say," admitted the scientist. "But if it starts talking, people had better listen."—*Oral Hygiene*.



My Freedom and My Responsibility

By Herbert C. Ebeling

FREEDOM—that was the goal for which the little Korean girl was striving when she walked for days and days to reach the South Korean border in 1953. *Freedom*—that was the one thought Janos Egervari of Budapest had in mind when he was throwing “Molotov Cocktails” against the Russian tanks on the cold October morning in 1956. *Freedom*—that

THIS ARTICLE

is one of the top ten prizes in the 1962 Freedoms Foundation Letter Writing Awards Program for armed forces members. It was awarded in February to Sp/4 Herbert C. Ebeling of Fort Dix, N.J. The author received \$100, a George Washington Honor Medal, and a visit to Washington, D.C., with other winners. The twenty-five-year-old native of Frankfurt, Germany, received his award at a Freedoms Foundation luncheon in Valley Forge, Pa. He came to the United States in April, 1960. He presently works in the Post Chaplain's Office at Fort Dix, N.J.

was the last word young Peter Fechter spoke with faltering lips while slowly dying behind “the Wall” in Berlin after trying to escape from Ulbricht's prison camp in August 1962.

Why was it that these three people, like thousands of others, were persuaded to leave their homes, their families, their friends, their fatherland, and to risk their lives? Only someone who was ever restricted in his liberties and freedoms can really understand what they were looking for. Freedom has been defined as liberty, frankness, ease, privilege, franchise, possession of rights and privileges. But these definitions do not point out that the single word *freedom* means almost everything of value in life.

Freedom of religion, of press, of education, of the home, and the like are not given to us only as privileges for just being Americans or members of the Western world. Too often we speak of freedom in big, abstract

terms without really realizing what we mean. Knowing that I am able to move from town to town at free will; that I can quit my job at any time to look for another one; that I can take vacations and go wherever I want; that I can shop where I want, can compare prices and qualities of goods; that I can fight a fine; that I can speak up about politics and politicians; that I can elect representatives of my own choice; that I can run for an office; even that I am able to write an article like this one without fearing for my life; that I can enjoy all these everyday liberties, shows me that I do not live behind the "Iron Curtain" where they are denied to the people. Since we are born with these liberties and enjoy them all our lives, we make too often the mistake of taking them for granted. Of course, every child learns in school that people fought for their freedoms and gave their lives so that others could live in liberty. However, this was many years ago. We cannot rest on the laurels of past achievements won by our patriotic ancestors. Freedom is never handed to us on silver platters, but it must be earned and fought for, and its duration stabilized by successive generations.

FREEDOM and personal rights are counterbalanced by responsibilities. Living in a free country automatically shifts to the individual the responsibility of maintaining this freedom. If I am to be part of a vital movement to foster freedom in other countries, I have the grave responsibility to exercise my personal freedoms in such a patriotic manner,

that it will make an indelible impression upon those who are enslaved to lesser forms of personal freedom.

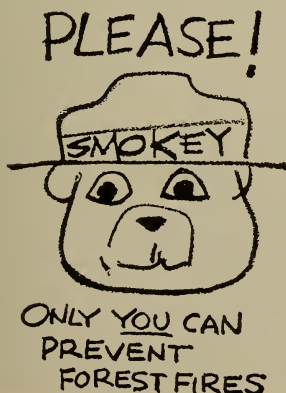
This personal effort to perfect freedom is the most important part of liberty and the uttermost thought of countless men who have given their lives on altars of liberty to preserve our way of life. Preserving my freedoms is more than the triumph over defeated nations on battlefields. A rifle clutched in my hand can never be as valuable an instrument as the institution of a home in which I personally transmit the sacred ideals of freedom to my children. Telling them the nice stories of the revolutions and of the ways nations gained their freedoms is not enough, I need to tell them that they themselves still have to fight. Listening and teaching at home and in the schools, developing my knowledge, my intelligence, and my skills, keeping informed on current world events, being interested in politics, being open-minded and prepared to go with the time—all these are little wheels which compose the big machinery with which I can help to preserve our freedom.

When the eighteen-year-old boy died at the Berlin wall, there were many people in this country who felt sorry for him, but they asked themselves: what can we do? Berlin is far away. Being indifferent and putting the head into the sand might be very easy, but it does not help. Waiting for what will happen and then taking off is easily said, but it would not work anymore. When I was six years of age I had to escape from the invading Russians into the

German province of Pomerania. When I was ten years of age I had to escape from the Communist regime in East Germany. Where could I escape to now? There is no place left in the world to which I could run.

In this modern world there are no longer any borders. In our negligence to give assistance to other nations in their united struggle, we pose a threat to the freedom for which so great a price as the sacrifice of a human life has been paid. The best tribute of respect that I could erect as a lasting memorial to those who have given unselfishly toward this God-endowed way of life is to spread the good news of personal liberty to all nations and to all people.

If I ever should take this freedom so lightly as to shirk the giving of my life as the full price of its preservation, then I am not worthy of receiving its benefits and curse the day that I irresponsibly shared in this freedom so selfishly. ■ ■



IT'S IN THE RECORD

TALK about drawing a crowd . . . did you know that the Indianapolis Speedway Race Event draws the largest number of fans to witness a single sporting event in America? It is estimated at about 200,000 people!

- Here are some firsts in baseball. Back in 1865 Ed Cuthbert of Philadelphia Keystones was the first player to attempt a stolen base against the Brooklyn Atlantics. In 1866 the first bunt was laid down by Dickey Pearce of the Brooklyn Atlantics. "Candy" Cummings of the Brooklyn Stars pitched the first curved ball against the Brooklyn Atlantics way back in 1864.

- In the early days when a dollar was hard to come by, an English fighter by the name of Tom Jackling amassed a fortune by betting on himself. He did so well that he made more than \$200,000. The story is a sad one . . . he retired from the ring soon after; within a year's time he was broke. Forced to fight again, he was defeated . . . he was seldom heard about until his death in 1797.

- Today fencing is fascinating to behold . . . it is done only for sport. But back in the early dueling days it was a fight to the death.

—Mario DeMarco

A Gift of Birthdays

By Charlotte and Dan Ross

Matthew Dearing wanted to pass on to his wife and children some of the intangible things that had made him great

THE pale green and white walls of the luxuriously appointed hospital room were intended to suggest quiet and relaxation. To famous industrialist Matthew Dearing they brought merely an air of bleakness and desolation. The expression on his thin, patrician face was grim as he lay motionless, the bedclothes neatly tucked up to his determined chin, and began to review the events that had brought him here as a prisoner on his seventy-fifth birthday.

It was hard to remember exactly. It could have been yesterday but he was inclined to think it had been almost a week ago that the thing had struck him. He had been in his private office on the thirty-first floor of the Dearing Building when he'd first felt the pain in his chest. With his usual calm control he'd reached out in the enveloping darkness of his misery and found the push button to summon his secretary.

His next recollection was of this room and the silent, furtive visits of Blanche, his wife, and his three children. Even in his somewhat fuzzy condition the expression on Blanche's face told him this was serious. Later the solemn headshaking of his attending physicians and the canopy of an oxygen tent told him the rest. But he had survived!

Only this morning, the morning of his seventy-fifth birthday, Parks, his long-time personal doctor, had decided he was well enough to talk over his condition.

Serious-faced, balding Parks had hovered over him benignly. The light from the window made patterns on his thick, horn-rimmed glasses as he said: "With patience and the proper care you'll be on your feet again in a month or two." Then after a pause the doctor went on, "But you must cooperate, Matthew, and you must resign yourself to the fact that from



now on your activities will be somewhat restricted."

He had blinked angrily at this. He would have expressed himself more emphatically but he had no strength to spare. Then in a low voice that was little better than a hoarse whisper he said: "You mean the old crock will go permanently on the shelf?"

Parks shrugged. "If you want to go on living, yes."

Matthew Dearing closed his eyes for several seconds and when he opened them he mustered his resources to whisper angrily: "Those women in the room all the time! They don't give me a chance to rest!"

Parks gave an incredulous chuckle. "You mean your private duty nurses?"

"Lack of privacy nurses!" Matthew had glared at him and then

exhausted he'd fallen off to sleep.

Now it was mid-afternoon and Blanche had arrived a few minutes ago with a sad smile on the lovely face he'd admired for the forty-odd years of a good marriage. Bending over the bed she'd kissed him on the cheek and then in the suitably subdued and grave tone reserved for the very ill had told him: "The children will be here shortly. They're only to stay a few minutes. But they are going to give you a small birthday party with some tea and cakes. Nurse and I are going out for a few minutes to see that it is prepared." Then anxiously: "You'll be all right?"

He sighed and nodded. All right! He'd be glad to have a few minutes to himself. He watched them go out of the room and fumed at his misfortune in having to be victim to the fussing of females.

AND then alone his thoughts turned to this strange birthday he was having. So the family were going to show up in spite of what had happened. Just the children naturally, the buoyant, noisy young grandchildren would be discreetly kept away. The only ones he honestly would enjoy seeing. The only ones he felt really close to these days!

His thoughts began to wander as he considered why he no longer felt as he had in the old days toward his children. In various ways each of them had caused him some sorrow and disappointment. Not that he was by any means certain they were to blame. Perhaps he was the culprit. He supposed it was a question many parents must sometimes ask themselves.

And then a smile spread across the stern, thin face. A smile of sadness. He wondered what people would say if they knew that the great invincible Matthew Dearing was really a tired, old man who asked himself questions he could find no answers for. Matthew Dearing was a legendary success in business; he was supposed to be a strong man. A strong man!

He closed his eyes and considered this. Enjoying thinking of himself objectively in the third person. Was he a strong man? To be truthful were there any really strong men? He had associated and traded with the rich and the mighty, the bankers and the politicians, even burly stevedores and common seamen. And it seemed to him that none of them were really strong in their secret beings once you got to know them. You could

call many of them reckless, courageous, defiant, cunning, but strong? He wondered.

Certainly none of his three children could be termed strong. Paul, the oldest, who had inherited the management of the family business and agonized over the smallest decision so that he was allowing the firm to lose ground. Natalie, the dark and lovely girl, who had chosen to be an actress, and was now ridding herself of an unwanted second husband. And Jane, petite and blonde, the perfect mother and wife who had given herself over to complete grief and chronic despondency since her husband had been killed in a plane crash. All of them presented problems.

Even though he had tried very hard to prepare them for life. Show them how to meet the not-very-easy world. Given them every advantage which his wealth allowed. But it hadn't been enough it seemed. And then he had a sudden realization. Perhaps he had forgotten the most important part of their education. He had not prepared them against themselves!

This thought occupied him for some time. He reviewed the years of his own life and the lessons he had had to learn. Soon he found himself very tired again and his eyes closed and he knew he was dropping into a nap.

WHEN he opened them again they were all in the room with him. Dutifully the children came to the bed one by one and kissed him. Then they stood ringed



around the bed. Blanche at its foot, thoughtful as always, giving the children their chance to be close to him during their brief stay. Natalie, glowingly beautiful in her dark way, smiled at him through tears and held one of his hands in hers. Jane, frail and smiling, bent close to him on the opposite side. Paul, tall and awkward, was just behind her.

Looking up at them he managed some sort of smile in return. "You're a cheerful lot of mourners," he whispered.

Blanche took over. "We haven't come to mourn, you old scoundrel. We've come to wish you a happy birthday." She turned to the nurse and nodded.

The stout, beaming private nurse passed the tray and they each took their cup of tea and a small frosted cake.

"Well, many more happy birthdays, Father," Paul said self-consciously in an obvious effort to make it a true celebration.

After a few dutiful sips of the tea Paul moved closer to the bed and unfolded a printed sheet that looked as if it might have been torn from a magazine. He coughed as he held it up for Matthew Dearing to see.

He blinked and tried to make sense of what seemed to be an illustration of a demented old man sitting on a chair halfway up a flight of stairs. He gave up, it didn't make sense! And he threw Paul a questioning glare.

Paul blushed and said nervously: "We only have a few minutes to be here with you, Dad. So I wanted to let you see the present we've chipped

in to buy you. It's a sort of elevator, that works on the stairway. An elevator chair that you can operate yourself. No more stair climbing for you."

It was too much! Not bad enough to find himself in this helpless position, they were all conspiring to make him a permanent invalid. Glancing up at Paul's smug, pleased expression he was unable to pretend that the gift was welcome.

Instead he said in a disgusted whisper: "Be nice for the toddlers to amuse themselves with when they come to visit."

A moment of awkward silence descended on the room as Paul glanced first at his mother and then at his sisters in a horrified bid for sympathy. At this point the door opened and Dr. Parks bustled in.

"Well," he took them all in with his understanding grin, "we're having quite a party! But we mustn't overdo. I'm sorry but you'll all have to go in a minute."

He knew this mustn't happen before he had his say. The things that had just come to him. It was important; there mightn't be another chance. Mustering his strength he raised his hand in a gesture of authority that had caught the attention of many a board meeting.

"Wait!" he urged hoarsely. "Just a minute or so longer. I have some things to tell my family."

Dr. Parks sighed. He was used to Matthew's sudden changes of mood. "Well, just a few more minutes then. I'll stand by to see you don't overdo it."

He glared at the doctor and then

his gaze shifted to his family still dutifully grouped around him. He pointed a bony finger at Paul.

"Don't think I'm not grateful for the thought behind the gift," he said in his whisper. "I'm deeply touched. But I think since this is a special birthday for me, that I should reverse the proceedings." He paused for a second to rest, and then went on: "This year I'm going to give you something in return. A gift of birthdays. My birthdays!"

Blanche who had obviously decided his mind must be wandering, nodded gently. "A lovely idea, Matthew!"

He ignored her and the tone of her remark. Instead he fastened his attention on a now thoroughly flustered Paul. "You," he said in his low voice, "I give my twenty-seventh birthday. Because it was in that year I learned to make decisions. I found that hesitating on them was costing me my chance in the world. So at twenty-seven I began to make clear, sharp decisions. I give you that year, son. It's something you can well learn to imitate."

Paul gulped. "Thank you, Father."

And now he turned to Jane, the small blonde with her sad face. "Jane," he said in a whisper more gentle, "I give you my thirty-ninth year. That was the year you were born. I didn't want to be bothered with more children and when Blanche told me you were coming I was upset and angry." He paused and smiled. "But after you came I changed my mind. You were the happiest of all our babies. And through the years you have given me

the most happiness of any of my children. So I give you my thirty-ninth year—my year of happiness. Pass it on to your own children, you owe them happiness. Do it, understanding that birth and death are beyond our realm of knowing. That they are events we can't control and wouldn't want to if we could."

Jane smiled and closed her hand on his although her cheeks were wet with tears. "Thank you for your wonderful gift, Father," she told him. "I'll try very hard."

But he had already turned to the beautiful, brunette Natalie. He shook his head on the pillow. "My dear," he said, "I give you my forty-fifth birthday. Because it was when I was forty-five I gave up pretending to be what I wasn't. And it freed me for the happiest years of my life. You were always a child of pretending; it began on a Halloween Eve ages ago. And it led you to the stage and your life today. I give you my forty-fifth year, Natalie, the year when I found my real self. You try to do that now and you'll be a happier woman."

"Thank you, Dad," she bent over and kissed his forehead tenderly.

He pushed her back gently and looked toward Blanche at the foot of the bed. A tremulous smile played about her lips as she felt all attention go to her.

"To you, Blanche," he said, with a kindly gleam in his eyes, "I give my fifty-fourth birthday." He paused at her startled reaction. "No doubt you've forgotten but that was the year of your operation. The doctors told me I might lose you. I locked myself in my study and paced alone

until dawn when despairing and exhausted I fell asleep at my desk. Soon I was wakened by the phone and barely able to understand the message that told me you had come through it well." He paused again. "That taught me a lesson, dear wife, a lesson that I must never let us down again like that. Never lose faith in what our marriage has meant. Must keep in mind that whether one of us dies before the other or not, the importance of our love is still a very real and living thing. Please learn that lesson in faith, Blanche."

At this, he lay back exhausted and closed his eyes. He felt the push of someone coming near and forced the tired eyelids open to look up at a concerned Dr. Parks.

"That's about enough for one day, Matthew," the doctor warned.

He chuckled. "Just one thing more," he smiled at them all again. The anxious circle of pale faces. "I have a gift for myself. My great-grandfather's eighty-first birthday. I remember it well. When he was eighty-one he walked me a full mile to see a circus in the village. And that's what I'm keeping in mind for myself. Now, leave me—all of you. I need my rest if I'm to keep that date with your youngsters." He closed his eyes again and this time made no attempt to open them. Sure, with the same intuition that had controlled many a difficult board meeting, they would quietly accept his dismissal and leave him to begin the recovery he'd so firmly planned. Turning seventy-five had been some fun after all! ■ ■

Richard Goes Native

By Irvin H. Lee

THIS advertisement appeared in the Japanese newspaper *Yomiuri* not too long ago:

Able-bodied young American wants temporary work as farmhand—wages not important—willing, industrious; can learn readily.

The “young American” was U.S. Air Force Airman First Class Richard Major, twenty, stationed at Tachikawa Air Base, near Tokyo. The youthful accounting specialist planned to shun bright lights and dancing girls to spend a seventeen-day furlough working on a Japanese farm.

Since being assigned to Japan, Major became interested in almost everything around him; the mountains, farms, and people. All were intriguing to him.

On his frequent hikes along the countryside, he would watch Japanese farmers hard at work on patches of fields unbelievably small by American standards. Some of the farmers were on their knees between rows of crops chopping weeds with infinite patience; others stood ankle-deep in chilling water clearing debris from indispensable canals.

Farming wasn't new to Major. His family operates a small truck farm near Bridgeport, Pennsylvania. The more he observed the Japanese at work, the more he became impressed by the differences in the American and Japanese ways of farm life.

One day, while returning from one of his frequent hikes, he decided to seek employment on a Japanese farm “to observe and learn their farming techniques.” He wrote a letter to a local paper asking for employment.

Twenty-four hours after the item appeared in print, replies were coming in, each containing a warm

Japanese farmers, like the Americans, eat heartily. Shown l-r: Mr. Eiichi Suzuki, Mr. Takeichi Suzuki, A/1C Richard Major, Mrs. Takeichi Suzuki, Mrs. Eiichi Suzuki and children.





With knife in hand, Airman Major prepares to work in the fields.

invitation. A few days later, Major found himself in the employ of Takeichi Suzuki, a member of the Tachikawa City Council, whose nearby farm was operated by his son, Eiichi Suzuki.

The Suzuki farm was more prosperous and larger than most in Japan and Major lived in a private room in the farmhouse. The house was typically Japanese with its tea garden and ornamented roof. Major slept on a *futon*, a padded quilt spread out on the floor.

ON his first day as a member of the Suzuki household, the blond, stockily built airman sat down to the evening meal with his employer and the family. For the main dish he was offered cooked or raw

squid. Squid is a species of seafood with ten arms, two being longer than the others. The mollusk is unknown to many Americans, and then wholly unfamiliar to Major, a Pennsylvanian; however, he chose the cooked version and found it tasty.

Major quickly fell into the daily routine of life on the Suzuki farm. His day began at five in the morning with a two-hour stint of weeding the vegetable garden and rice paddies. Breakfast was served at seven. The hours until noon were occupied cultivating the crops and attending to the stock. There were thirty hogs to be fed, and 280 chickens which consumed enormous amounts of food in exchange for the eggs that appeared in long wooden racks under their nests.



Mrs. Eiichi Suzuki supervises Airman Major as he operates the threshing machine while spending his leave on a farm near Tachikawa AFB, Japan.

As is the custom in Japan, Major and the Suzukis had a short rest period for digestion following the hearty noontime lunch. Chores were resumed at two o'clock.

As part of his duties, Major operated a small utility tractor which had wide handlebars, belts and pulleys, and a single headlight mounted in the middle in front of the operator. He learned to carry vegetable laden baskets slung across his shoulders. Eventually, as a form of acceptance by the Suzukis, he adopted the wide-brimmed straw hat worn by many Orientals as protection against the sun.

At sundown, Major's work came to an end. After the evening meal, until nine or ten o'clock, he spent time with the Suzukis socializing. Frequently he would carefully enunciate short sentences in English

which were repeated by his friends until mastered. In turn they introduced him to the rudiments of their language. Some evenings were spent visiting smaller farms in the area with the elder Suzuki.

At the end of seventeen days and a few calluses, Major exchanged his straw hat and work-stained trousers for his Air Force blue uniform. Of his experience as a farmhand in Japan, Major relates that "chores on the farm are much the same as at home," but the tools and methods are a challenge. Of being a member of the Suzuki household, he said the experience was fruitful in terms of gaining new and sincere friends.

Major's experience will no doubt linger long in his memory, but the Suzukis aren't soon to forget Richard—the American who truly went native. ■ ■

Can Christianity Survive These Enemies?

By David A. MacLennan

HE came into my study at the church. He was young, pleasant, armed with credentials and with some fairly large signs. "I'm in the Corps of Engineers," he said by way of introduction. "Your church being at the heart of the city has been designated a fallout shelter. May I post the signs?" Wisely our government has been selecting the most adequate buildings and basements to prepare for the disaster everyone hopes will never happen, and which nearly everyone believes can happen—nuclear war.

If nuclear war does come, we are assured that a considerable percentage of the population of the nation can survive if adequate defense is maintained and adequate shelters provided. Christianity, God's answer to man's need, has other enemies beside communism with its threat of destruction of life and freedom as we know and cherish them. Who or what are these enemies? Is there a shelter against these more subtle, more insidious enemies?

Enemies of the Christian Faith

Materialism, secularism, cynicism, and atheism are the unholy quartette of opponents of the Christian faith and way. Each of these "isms" has many supporters and clever, attractive agents. Each of them penetrates the strongholds where believers meet for "briefing" and preparation of men and "material." To devise strategy and tactics for dealing with any enemy it is essential to know who or what the enemy is, and to have some knowledge of his strength.

Materialism is a rival of Christianity. Materialism is a religion. It has more than one god. Professor Dwight E. Stevenson described the pantheon or hall of gods of this powerful enemy of the God whom we know in Jesus Christ in this way: "Science and the things it can invent, machines and the things they can make, business and the things it can distribute, money and the things it can buy." These are not false gods unless they attempt to occupy the throne which God the Lord alone

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should occupy. But materialism says, "put these tangible assets first. Make their pursuit your chief concern. Why worship an invisible God; he certainly doesn't produce security, power and fun like our visible gods." Materialism says, like the Israelites of long ago, "we offer gods you can see, metal gods if you like, and they deliver the goods that will make you happy. These are our gods. They brought us out of the land of drudgery and they alone will bring us into the Promised Land." Read about this ancient claim and cult in Exodus, chapter 32.

Secularism often has a shrine next door to that of Materialism. What is secularism? Dictionaries tell us that "secular" means "of or pertaining to the world." Secularism is the doctrine that morality should be based solely on how our conduct affects our present life; it excludes all considerations drawn from belief in God or from a future life beyond this one. If secularism had a theme song, it would be: "This world only, in the beginning, as it is now, and ever shall be, this world without end!" When the writer of our New Testament letter to the Ephesians (chapter 2, verse 12) reminded his fellow Christians what they had once been, he included an apt description of secularists, "strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world." Secularism tempts the church as the devil tempted our Lord on the mountain, to play the world's game, to use the world's methods in order to win the world for God and his kingdom. Secularism exacts a high price

from its devotees. Men and women tend to regard things as more sacred than persons. Secularism sends millions of people chasing speed, sex, pleasure of one kind or another, and the millions spend millions in the chase.

Cynicism today is far removed from the sect of philosophers in ancient Greece called Cynics. These thinkers took a dim view of ease, wealth, and the enjoyments of life. But the cynics of today take a dim view of human nature. A contemporary cynic doubts that any man or woman acts solely from a good motive at any time. Cynicism raises questions concerning goodness whether in an individual person or in a group or organization dedicated to noble ends. Cynicism is often found among Marxists; they give three sneers for honesty, unselfishness, faith in God, and faith in man. Cynicism also has its exponents among capitalists. Every man has his price; you can buy any one, if you pay enough.

Atheism is simpler to define. It is disbelief in God. It is denial of God's existence. On our college and university campuses a large number of undergraduates consider themselves atheists. Doubtless some are, but the majority are agnostics, unable to reach or hold any conviction about God, Christ, salvation, the kingdom of God, eternal life. In 1962 one of our picture magazines ran a feature story on the "Nego" in some of the best preparatory schools in the Eastern United States. "Nego" is a word which probably comes from Latin, meaning "I deny." It seems

to be part of the same root as "negate" and "negative." Many intelligent youngsters from "good homes" are reported unable to believe in anything. They find no meaning in life. To all purposes they are atheists. Undoubtedly the turmoil and tensions of our time contribute much to this emotional and intellectual negativism. Many of us, however, as well as people we know, act as practical atheists. We may profess faith in the great and gracious God we know in Jesus Christ, but we act as if everything is up to us, as if power-blocs in various nations have the last word and not God.

Shelter Against These Enemies

I do not believe there is a "shelter" into which we can or should retreat from these enemies of Christ and his church. There is "no hiding place" from this kind of damaging "fallout." God summons us to face our opponents, to meet them without fear, and to unmask them for the hollow and vulnerable foes they are. If we go down before any enemies, we can emulate the "gallant triumvirate" who found in the fiery furnace one "like unto the Son of God" standing with them insuring their ultimate deliverance. (See Daniel 3.) What should we do? First, let us wake up to their reality and to the necessity of overcoming them with the whole armor of God. One man observed that worse than communism, fascism, and nazism, is somnambulism! Walking in our sleep characterizes too many of us too often. "Take no part in the unfruitful works of darkness," says the New Testament (Eph.

5:11), and then the directive proceeds: "Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light."

Second, challenge the claims of these popular religious cults. This means that you know what the Christian faith means, that you are an informed Christian. Materialism does not touch the heart of life. When sin strikes, when sorrow comes, when sickness or accident lays us low, material comforts may help a little, but not when life crashes around and upon us. We can't buy healing for the deep inner hurt, nor get hope, courage, and faith neatly packaged because we have money or influence.

Secularism claims to satisfy, but it does not. Living in terms of what we can see, hear, feel, becomes impossible. "No man has seen God at anytime," says the Bible, and no one has seen the "values" by which we live which derive from God: honor, decency, kindness, courage, unselfishness. Moreover, the so-called satisfactions of non-religious, sub-Christian living fail to satisfy. Is there anyone more joyless than a jaded playboy?

Cynicism needs to be understood as often a reaction against a bitter experience of dishonesty or cruelty on the part of someone or some group professing high standards. When a professing Christian lacks the spirit of Christ he makes cynics. Disappointment in oneself or another tends to make us cynical. If we are "let down" by someone we trusted or loved we tend to think that no one is on the level of integrity. But we cannot indict all mankind because

of the failures of a minority of them.

Atheism may be a revolt against unworthy concepts of God. More often it may be traced to the so-called scientific approach to reality. Scientific research and inventiveness seem to have pushed back mystery until no room is left for God who is Creator and Redeemer of men. Also, like cynics, many professing atheists are persons who have been deeply hurt. They prayed desperately for deliverance of some loved one from some tragedy and the heavens seemed as brass. You do well to show them that men of scientific mind believe strongly not only in a Divine Mind behind and within the whole life process, but trust a God who is personally concerned with his human children, and who loves them with an everlasting love. Colonel Glenn is no superstitious, emotionally unstable man, yet his confession of his faith reveals a man of mature Christian belief. As you recall what he said to the Congressional committee you think of the Negro spiritual, "My God is so high you can't get over him," not even in a space capsule in outer space. Our God is also so great and Christlike he dwells with the humble, the teachable in heart.

Third, the most effective offensive against the enemies of Christ and the Christian faith is the demonstration of a life "hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:3). This means a life rooted deeply in the love and wisdom, the goodness and spiritual power of God the Father Almighty, through Jesus Christ his Son our Lord. A stranger asked the saintly Francis of Assisi:

"Art thou Francis of Assisi?" "I am," answered the radiant disciple of Jesus. Said the stranger, "Thy people set great store by thee. I pray thee, live the life." When you and I live the life, show forth what Paul called the fruits of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22, 23), demonstrate genuine brotherhood toward any person for whom Christ died, we present the most convincing argument for the truth of the Christian faith. "What is your best argument for the credibility of the Christian religion?" a senator is reported to have asked the famous Daniel Webster. Answered Webster, "My old aunt in New Hampshire." Despite handicaps and heavy burdens, her Christian faith furnished invincible courage and goodness.

Her life impressed her nephew as an unanswerable reason for believing that Christianity is true. In all our conflicts with materialists, secularists, cynics, atheists and other "Nego" types, remember: "You are of God, and have overcome them; for he who is in you is greater than he who is in the world" (1 Jn. 4:4). "If God is for us, who is against us?" Divine defeat is impossible. ■ ■

BECAUSE HE HEARS

We look to God in times of need,
As certainly we ought.
For with His help we can indeed
Do better than we thought.

Because He hears us when we pray
Our burdens all seem lighter.
However dark or fair the day,
His presence makes it brighter.

—Mary Hamlett Goodman

"Batter Up!"

By W. C. White

THE umpire yells "play ball" and it's "batter up." If the first pitch is a good "fast ball," the batter may swing too late and it's "strike one." Having missed the first one, he may swing too early for a "change of pace" and it's "strike two." One more strike and "he's out."

The fact that a man "strikes out" does not necessarily mean he's out of the game. On a subsequent "trip to the plate" he may get a "hit" and still "die on first." Home runs over the fence, the perfect hit, are few and far between in the game of baseball. In fact, a player who consistently gets a hit one time out of three times at bat is unusually good. He's batting .333 and that's good in any league!

But what's baseball without the fans? The enthusiasm of the fans is contagious. It is often caught by a player and he becomes "a star," but "stars" aren't born, they are made by years of practice.

Of course, not everyone plays baseball, but everyone who will put forth the effort may play somewhere. Some in the big leagues; some in the sand-lots. Some people have more potential for the game than others, but *all* who would play must put in the hours of practice, make some errors and learn little by little

through years of effort to improve.

LIVING a Christian life is much like playing baseball. Not everyone is a Christian any more than everyone is a baseball player, but everyone who will may be one. Just as a player sometimes "strikes out," so sometimes a Christian fails to do as well as he wanted to, but if he is really trying and keeps on trying his failures will change to success. The important thing for those who would succeed is to keep trying. As many a coach has well said, "Quitters never win, and winners never quit."

In your "game of life," God is looking on and he seeks in every way to help you. He is loyal, always hoping you will do well but if you fail he does not despair. He knows your capabilities and problems better than you. He does not love your failures, but he loves you in spite of your failures.

If you try and fail but continue to try, you will not always fail but meet with success more and more frequently. Of course, you will never become perfect in this life but always "you're up." If you struck out last time, if you failed, you're due for a hit; this time you may do it right, but still "you're up." It's your turn at bat. ■ ■

The Spirit of '76

By Rip Pratt

The centennial year was approaching, and Mr. Ryder and I agreed that year ought to be made memorable and financially profitable by a humorous picture. The title "Yankee Doodle" suggested itself to me and I set to work to make a picture to fit the title.

—A. M. Willard in an old magazine article

THE Reverend Willard fidgeted; his arms felt like leaden weights held high above the large regimental field drum which hung heavily from his sparse shoulders. His right knee was also stiffening; it had been suspended too long in this unnatural pose.

"I think I've got the right expression now," the artist exclaimed happily. "Take a breather!"

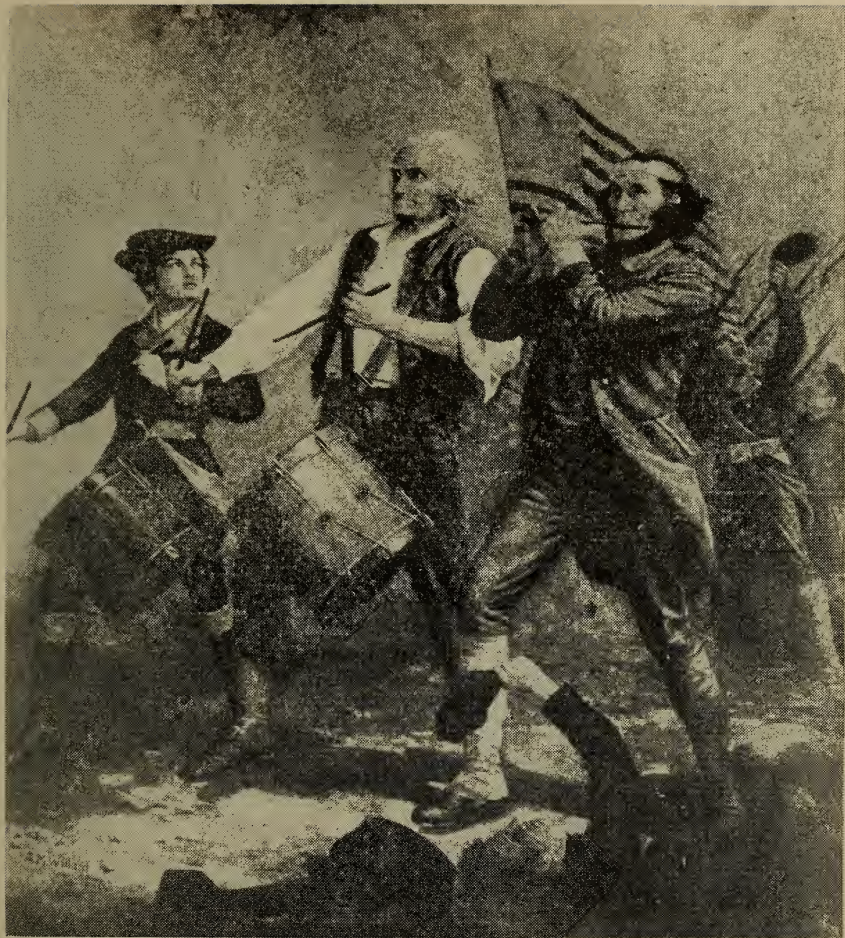
Sam Willard slumped gratefully into a waiting chair. His heart was beating "thump-thump-thump" and he felt a strange pounding in his ears. But, as usual, he said nothing. Sam's father had been one of the original Green Mountain Boys; the Willards came from tough stock with a long tradition of courage and stoicism.

He knew he wasn't well; after all, Sam was seventy-four years old. His eyes closed wearily. Ever since he could remember, his son Arch had always been fooling around with

charcoal. He sighed as he remembered him; an inquisitive, bright little lad, gazing shyly up at him as he stood high in the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Bedford, Ohio.

In 1834, two years before Archibald's birth, the Reverend Samuel R. Willard had founded this church. It was a bit rough, a typical frontier building heated by a wood-burning stove and lighted with lard lamps, but it prospered and grew steadily in membership. Here, in Bedford Glens, his son had spent a happy boyhood.

He chuckled at the memory of Arch as he roamed wild through the woods with Grandfather Willard, the ex-Green Mountain Boy. The two were inseparable; Archie liked to listen as Gramps spun his old Revolutionary yarns. Often the youngster would tear the bark from a dead tree and sketch battle scenes upon it with charred embers.



THE SPIRIT OF '76: This famous painting, perhaps the most widely printed reproduction of A. M. Willard's masterpiece, hangs in Abbot Hall, Marblehead, Mass. The picture's original title—"Yankee Doodle"—was changed in the late 1800's because folks believed it undignified. The theme proved so popular with the American people that A. M. Willard painted sixteen different versions during his lifetime!

Later, as the large Willard family moved on to other parsonages in Ohio, Archie continued drawing his caricatures. Passersby were startled to find wild Indians and soldiers staring at them from fences, barn doors, buildings, sidewalks, the local sugaring house—even the inside of a very private outhouse.

The minister scowled. He hadn't cottoned to his son's cartoons. Sam Willard was a down-to-earth, practical man who had a large family of seven children to support. When the drawings continued during Archie's adolescent years, Sam had exploded. He laid down the law to his son; either find gainful employment or get out. The drawings persisted. Exasperated beyond measure, the Reverend had taken his fifteen-year-old boy over to the Tripp Carriage Works in Wellington, to learn a decent trade.

But "Deak" (a nickname the boys gave him because his father was a minister) had outwitted Sam. Instead of becoming a skilled wheelwright, he'd been rapidly promoted to carriage painter. His paintings began to appear on the sides of farm buggies, sleds, and circus wagons. He became well-known and respected throughout the Ohio Valley.

THIS was an age when a man's social status was determined by the appearance of his best "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" buggy. With Deak decorating the carriages with waterfalls and woodland scenes, Tripp wagons captured first prizes at the county fairs, outrivalling those of the famous Studebaker Brothers. Robert,

Samuel, and Charles quickly joined their illustrious brother at the carriage works. Even the Reverend Willard capitulated and moved the rest of the family to Wellington.

Deak continued to grow in stature, both physically (he was now six feet, four inches tall) and professionally. He picked up a few lessons from a wandering artist and people soon began pestering him to paint their portraits.

One particular subject, the Reverend mused, seemed especially fascinating to his son. These were the local, three-day militia encampments held by the veterans of the War of 1812. They were jovial occasions, marked by lax discipline and a great deal of whoopla. The men would march through town led by a certain "Three-fingered Jack," who could toss his drumsticks in the air without missing a beat.

When Jack died, his place was taken by Hugh Mosher's "Yankee Doodle Drum Corps." Hugh was a local farmer from nearby Brighton who was considered the best fifer in Ohio, a real picturesque character with long flowing hair and Galloway, under-the-chin-style whiskers.

But the gay music soon faded into the discordant sound of cannon when the Civil War broke out. Hugh was one of the first men to enlist, discharged a year later due to physical disability. Deak enlisted in 1863, joining the 86th Ohio Volunteer Infantry regiment which chased and helped capture the Rebel Raider, John Morgan.

The Reverend Willard winced. With such a patriotic background



PLUCK NO. 1: In 1872, A. M. Willard drew this picture to amuse little Addie Tripp, the daughter of a wagon factory proprietor. Mr. Tripp sent the picture to Mr. J. F. Ryder, a Cleveland art dealer, for framing. Ryder was so amused by the cartoon that he promptly entrained for Wellington, Ohio—Willard's hometown. There he confronted the artist with this challenge: "Did the dog catch the rabbit? Get busy and paint me the answer!"

in the family—Deak had been a color-bearer; his grandfather was a Green Mountain Boy—it was a mystery why his son had turned to painting a picture for the coming Philadelphia Centennial that made a mockery of the American flag.

"It's finished; take a look." Sam's thoughts were rudely interrupted by the artist's urgent voice inside the studio.

Sam heaved himself stiffly out of the chair and hobbled over to the table overflowing with sketches. All were cartoons; Arch's stock in trade. It had been a cartoon entitled "Pluck" which had brought him to the attention of James F. Ryder, Cleveland's leading art dealer.

Yes, it was another "comic" which

Arch now held in his hand. Squinting closely at the drawing through dim old eyes, Sam Willard took a good look at the picture.

"This is the final sketch. Tomorrow, I'll start transferring it to oil. The painting will have life-size figures. By gosh, I think I'll call it *Yankee Doodle*."

Yankee Doodle? The Yankee Doodle that the troops had played to rally the men during the Revolution? Why, this picture was no inspiration; it was a monstrosity.

The Reverend Willard hesitated. He knew his son wouldn't like what he was about to say. "That's a nasty thing to do to Hugh Mosher . . . I thought he was your friend."

"So he is. What's wrong with the way I've drawn him?"

"Well, you've made Hugh look like a country bumpkin. And this young drummer boy . . . why he looks like a fatuous simpleton. But jumpin' jehosophat, just look at that old drummer—the worst of the lot. Son, I'll be the laughing stock of the countryside."

ARCH studied the drawing angrily. Try as he might, he couldn't find a thing wrong with it. It represented a typical country Fourth of July celebration as he'd often viewed them in the past. Why, it would sell hundreds of copies.

Sam Willard watched his son anxiously. He didn't want to hurt his feelings. Arch was a fine artist. Somehow, in some way, he must be made to realize that he was wasting his talents by continuing to draw cartoons.

"Son, to me, Yankee Doodle represents three things: the flag, the rifle, and the drum. They're not things that can be laughed at. We won our independence the hard way. Your own grandfather fought for that freedom. And so did you. In a way, this picture symbolizes the American people."

Long after the Reverend had left, Arch Willard sat alone in the darkened studio on the fourth floor of a bank building near Cleveland's Public Square. His father was right. The subject *wasn't* humorous. He could see that now. He looked again at the face of his father as it stared out at him from the drawing on the easel. Was his father someone you could laugh at? A man who had spent his entire life in the service of his fellow-man? Or, for that matter, was Hugh Mosher?

No, of course not.

In the days that followed, Archibald MacNeal Willard transferred his sketches onto a large, 7½x12 feet oil canvas. He worked deliberately, for driving him on was the recent illness of his father, now bedridden. Slowly, as the days slipped by, the three figures filled the huge painting. They had taken on a new, dramatic composure.

Yankee Doodle, soon changed to *The Spirit of '76*, sold so many copies at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial that the art committee hastily wired Willard for the original. Prominently displayed in Memorial Hall, largest in the country, it drew vast crowds which stretched in endless lines.

Years later, after the artist had

died in 1918, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* editorialized: "It may be true that he was not a great painter—he lacked training—he lacked opportunities. But his work was filled with inspiration that overshadowed technical skill. He put on canvas a sermon in patriotism."

Today, that picture is the most famous, most widely reproduced painting in U.S. history. As a symbol of American freedom, it is immortal.

The Reverend Samuel R. Willard did not live to see the finished painting. But he left two undying memorials. One is his portrait as the old drummer in *The Spirit of '76*. The other is the First Baptist Church in Bedford, Ohio, which recently celebrated its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary as an established church. ■ ■



I'm writing to our Congressman asking him to send somebody from the Peace Corps to work with me on my washing and house cleaning."

OLD BARN . . . AND A YOUNG BOY

Photo Story

by Dale Whitney



old barn

. . . . located in the outskirts of a California town . . . once the well-kept shelter for livestock and feed on a ranch . . . no longer useful it stands empty in a world of one-acre lots . . . admired only by the artist.

and a young boy

. . . . an eight-year-old, tow-headed boy named Billy lives near; it is just a short walk from his house to the barn. Billy often goes there to enjoy its quiet interior, its patterns of shadows and sunlight. It is a wonderful playground for an adventuresome boy with imagination.



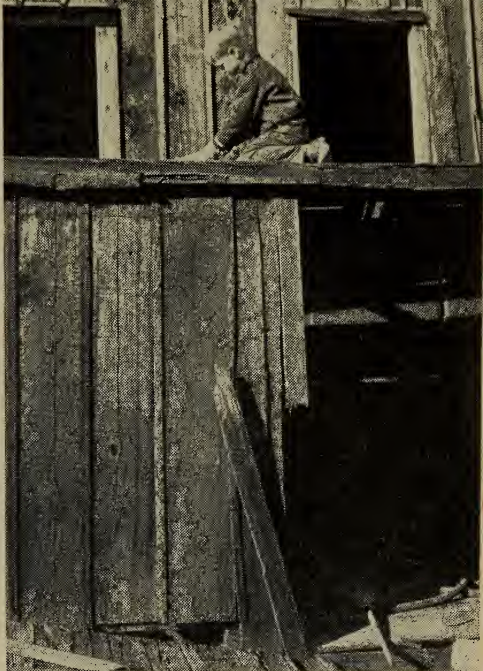


Why enter by a doorless door when it's more fun to climb in through a windowless window?

Equipped with hammer, Billy decides that it's the right day to tackle the job of eliminating useless nails.



Out into the warm sunlight, pounding
down a loose redwood board.



Search for nails takes him up stairs
to spacious loft where hay was once
stored.

Interruption caused by Widu, Billy's
eight-month-old German pointer, who
missed his young master at home but
knew just where to find him.





Built-in alarm clock, located in a boy's stomach, warns Billy that it's getting late. Still plenty to be done, but there's always tomorrow and a long summer vacation's not too far off.



Viewpoints on Military Service

YOU who are in military service are there either because you were drafted or you volunteered. Like it or not, most of you feel that you have a responsibility to your country and you will fulfill your stint and do your part! Some of you may come to feel that you so fit into military life, and there are such worthwhile advantages, that you'll make the military a career! Power to you!

But, occasionally, you'll hear such terms as "conscientious objectors" and "available for noncombatant military service" and you wonder, How many viewpoints are there, anyway, about how to respond to the call for service personnel?

If you take a look at the Classification of Draft Registrants, you will see there are seventeen classifications ranging all the way from I-A to V-A (from Available for military service to Overage of liability.) Some of the others are: I-S: Student deferred by statute; IV-D: Minister of religion or divinity student.

But the three basic responses are: I-A, I-O and I-A-O. All of these positions obviously are recognized by the government of the U.S.A. We have asked three representatives of these three basic responses to tell us:

Why do you, or why does your denomination, take this particular viewpoint? Let us consider these in reverse order. We think you'll find their answers informative and interesting.

I-A-O: Conscientious Objector Available for Noncombatant Military Service Only.

This person goes into service, puts on the uniform, becomes a member of the armed forces, but he serves only in such noncombatant branches as the medics. This is the position of the Seventh-day Adventists. The Rev. J. R. Nelson, Director, the National Service Organization comments:

The Seventh-day Adventist Church recognizes civil government as ordained of God that order, justice, and peace may be maintained in the land. While the church recognizes its obligation to render to Caesar the things which the Scriptures show to be his, it is compelled to decline participation in taking human life as being inconsistent with the duties enjoined upon the church by its divine Master toward all mankind.

Hence, since the beginning of their

history, Seventh-day Adventists have taken the noncombatant position and served their country in this capacity during the Civil War and two World Wars. Records show that Seventh-day Adventist servicemen were awarded medals from the lowest to the highest, the Congressional Medal of Honor being won during World War II by Corporal Desmond T. Doss for his service on Okinawa.

Seventh-day Adventists are not pacifists nor anti-militarists. They believe they can best serve their country and God by accepting the I-A-O classification, preferring to be called conscientious cooperators and willing to give their lives for their country. In battle unarmed they risk their lives giving aid to the wounded. Their philosophy of noncombatancy is based upon the New Testament teaching as exemplified by the Master.

In brief here are some of the New Testament texts upon which the Seventh-day Adventist serviceman bases his noncombatant position. In John 18:36 Christ states "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, my servants would fight. . . ." In Matthew 26:52 Christ said to Peter, as he struck the high priest's servant, "Put your sword back into its place." Other verses such as Matthew 5:38, 39, 44, 45; Luke 10:3-6 may be mentioned in support of the I-A-O position.

I-O: Conscientious Objector Available for Civilian Work Contributing to the National Health, Safety or Interest.

This person does not go into serv-

ice but spends his required time serving in state, county, and municipal institutions, in religious and private hospitals, and in the federal government. Some of the work these COs have done—for example, in experiments where they have been subjected to uncomfortable, prolonged, and disagreeable conditions—has been indeed outstanding.

This is the official position of the Brethren Church. The Rev. DeWitt L. Miller, pastor in Hagerstown, Maryland, argues this position as follows:

The conscientious objector position as far as the Church of the Brethren is concerned grows out of a deeply rooted conviction regarding religious freedom. Historically, the Brethren in 1708 were in revolt against the horrors of the devastating Thirty Years' War. What they had seen and experienced could not by the wildest stretch of the imagination be made to fit with the way of life as set forth on the pages of the New Testament. Therefore, for the better than 250 years of the church's history, it has been officially said that "all war is sin."

We base this upon the feeling that, since God is the giver of life, only God has the right to take life. The Brethren have believed that killing in any form and at any time is contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the New Testament. Nevertheless, the Brethren have always believed they have an obligation to the nation in which they reside. They believe they have a civic as well as a religious duty. They believe that Jesus' teaching about the payment of

taxes constitutes a summary of their basic loyalty, both to their country and to their God. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

On the basis of this and other scriptures, they conclude that if and when these two loyalties come into conflict, their first loyalty is to God and his will as revealed in the life, spirit, and teachings of Jesus. They also believe with deep conviction that this is the highest form of patriotism. They do not believe any so-called patriotic act is in the ultimate best interests of their nation when it is in violation of the law of God.

The Brethren are therefore grateful that the law of the land has seen fit to respect the position of the conscientious objector and look upon the I-O position as enabling them on the basis of their deepest and truest insights into the will of God to fulfill their duty to both their country and their God.

I-A: Available for Military Service

This person volunteers or responds to the draft, enters the service, completes his military obligation; and sometimes makes a career out of the service. The Rev. Lawrence P. Fitzgerald of The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel (representing thirty-four denominations) outlines the reasoning back of the I-A position.

None of us is for war. We I-A's are just as much opposed to war as the I-A-O's and the I-O's. The real question is how best to preserve the peace. In contrast to the others, we call ourselves Conscientious Partici-

pants. We are CP's not CO's. Everyone must make a decision about this. Of course, only a very small fraction take either of the other positions. Most of our young people are I-A. I suggest three reasons for this position.

1. *I have a responsibility.* We often speak of our "Bill of Rights." Fine. But we also have a "Bill of Duties." This involves paying taxes, serving on juries, obeying the law—and the defense of the nation. And we have something worth defending—this great heritage of freedom which has been ours since 1776.

I, as a Christian, do not want to receive all these benefits and run away from my duties. This would be escape; and unworthy, at least for me.

Moreover, this responsibility is in keeping with the teachings of the Bible. Jesus did say, "Love your enemies;" he did say, "Turn the other cheek;" he did say, "Put up thy sword." But he also said: "You are the salt of the earth." "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Paul said: "Let every person be subject to the governing authorities" (Rom. 13:1).

2. *I have a conviction.* I do not for a minute believe that pacifism is the way to peace. On the contrary, I believe it is productive of war. I do not believe Communist Russia or Communist China would hesitate for one minute to take over the world if they were able militarily. The I-A's, in my opinion, are preserving the peace of the world.

And freedom. The conscientious objectors are privileged to shout

their beliefs—a right which they surely have—because young men of the I-A persuasion have gone to their death to preserve freedom. We owe a great debt to these young men.

3. *Finally, I have an opportunity.* I truly believe you can serve God in the vocation of the military. As Editor of *THE LINK*, I get scores of letters from young servicemen who are serving God. Many young men in the military are hearing the call to preach—and they write me about it. Our chaplains tell of many conversions and baptisms.

Now I don't want to paint too rosy a picture. I know the temptations are many; and hundreds of persons succumb and become immoral and some lose their faith. But on the other hand, hundreds more realize that they do not have to live down to the level of their environment; and they serve God in many, many ways.

As my friend, the late Dick Potter, asks: "Is it too much to hope that God, who used the foolishness of preaching to conquer the Roman sword and to convert Greek culture, might now use this world-wide deployment of Christian soldiers with their families to beat men's swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks?"

This, at least, is the opportunity. May God bring it to pass! ■ ■

Placid housewife to friend: "I'm glad George isn't perfect—I love to nag."—*Santa Fe Magazine*.

People who have a right to boast don't have to.—Jack Herbert.

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE LISTENING HEART

He who speaks with God must set apart
A moment to direct his mind and heart
Above the storms that buffet every day;
Create a calm and then begin to pray.
With senses turned to Him there comes
a peace

That breaks the dams of life and brings
release

Then He will heal our wounds and
banish fear

God is speaking; train yourself to hear.

EGO

Those who concentrate on "I"
From birth until the day they die,
Will someday have to blame it all
On interests that were much too small.

THE COMMON SAINT

God does not will that we are heroes all.
Not every man can be another Paul.
We are not called to make a great
display;

For everyone must serve in his own way.
You have talents God has given you
To do the deeds that others cannot do;
In His service no task is too small
And the common saint is needed most
of all.



Each year college and high school athletes have an opportunity to meet outstanding Christian coaches and players at the FCA Conference at Estes Park, Colo.

Religion Helps Athletes

By Aubrey B. Haines

LAST summer some 500 athletes and coaches from high schools and colleges throughout America gathered at the YMCA Conference grounds at Estes Park, Colorado, for five days of perspiration and inspiration. There a staff of forty ministers and celebrities from the sports world conducted the annual summer Conference of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

The Fellowship combines religion and athletics in a unique manner. Eager young athletes had an opportunity to catch passes thrown by

Otto Graham. They had a close-up demonstration of pole vaulting by Olympic champion Bob Richards. From many other famous sports personalities they received clinical instruction.

Soon the youths discovered that men such as Dick Harp, Kansas University basketball coach, Bud Wilkerson, Oklahoma University football coach, and George Kell, former American League batting champion, are as impressive at testifying to their Christian faith as they are in making a talk.

Some professional athletes seem to feel that all they owe the public is a good showing on the field. Once they leave the ball park, they almost disappear from public view. This is understandable, for people constantly pester them for one reason or another. However, other athletes feel they owe something to the public for all the fame and fortune heaped upon them and look for ways to show their gratitude.

Some of these stars are Alvin Dark, Carl Erskine, Adrian Burk, Robin Roberts, Doak Walker, and Dan Towler. What they do in their spare moments makes an inspiring story. These men and many other stars are members of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. When not playing professionally, they travel throughout the nation, bringing spiritual inspiration to young men. "Our aim," one of them says, "is to promote Christian thinking and living."

With humility and sincerity they tell how important God is in daily life and how he has given purpose and meaning to their own lives. They show how life is built on a spiritual foundation and that without Christ it is impossible to lead a full, rich life. They also invite their young hearers to attend church regularly.

"I've found that growing spiritually is much the same as growing mentally or physically," Carl Erskine, the former pitcher, tells them. "The church is the training camp of the Christian, and the minister is the manager who directs us in our work and play."

"When you're on God's team," Donn Moomaw, the UCLA All-

American football player of 1952, says, "Jesus Christ is your quarterback, and you follow him."

Adrian Burk, once star quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles, says: "I don't pray to win. I don't believe in that. I pray to do my best. I pray to be more in God's character, to be more like he would like me to be. It helps me. It will help you. Try it."

THE Fellowship of Christian Athletes was conceived by Don McClanen, a Presbyterian and a basketball coach who first got the idea in 1947. While still a sophomore at Eastern Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College he was called to make a speech about sports at a church meeting.

Seven years later he wrote to nineteen famous athletes who had publicly expressed their Christian faith, asking them to help set up such a movement. Almost all replied, and others joined later. With financial help—secured through Dr. Louis H. Evans, Branch Rickey, and some Pittsburgh businessmen—he arranged the first Conference at the YMCA camp at Estes Park.

A nonprofit, interdenominational organization, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes calls itself "a program and movement to confront athletes, and through them the youth of the nation, with the challenge and adventure in the Christian life in the fellowship of the church." Today the organization has a permanent staff with headquarters in Kansas City.

Under McClanen's tireless leadership the FCA has accomplished good



Otto Graham demonstrating his prowess as a football player.

results in its nine years of existence. FCA literature, including devotional aids, testimonies by athletes, news of programs and conferences, and other items of interest are sent to a mailing list of several thousand persons. Three films: *Springboard*, *Play Ball* and *More Than Champions* have been produced to date.

Springboard tells the story of Stan Harris, a promising young baseball pitcher. Soon to graduate from a midwestern high school, the youth faces the problem of what to do with his life. The world of professional athletes has a strong appeal. His coach, a godly man with a genuine concern for his young charges, senses the youth's frustration and urges Stan to attend an FCA Conference in Colorado. The Christian perspective, as demonstrated by champion athletes in attendance at the Conference, makes a profound

impression on the youth. The film features basketball star Bob Pettit; former All-American football stars Donn Moomaw, Otto Graham, and Dan Towler; football coaches Frank Broyles and Paul Dietzel, and others from the track and baseball worlds. The films are in popular demand for showing at churches, schools, service clubs, and other organizations.

City-wide programs have been conducted in Dallas, Tulsa, Nashville, Denver, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Lincoln, and Springfield, Massachusetts. Gary Demarest, who heads this work, estimates that FCA athletes speak to more than 150,000 young people in fifteen states within six months.

The board of the FCA is careful to avoid any denominational emphasis. Athletes are expected only to testify to their own personal Christian faith. "Some are better at this than others,"

says McClanen. "What really matters is that all of us are growing spiritually through this program. We feel that by channeling the witness of these college and professional athletes, we can reach the youth of America as no other organization can for the cause of Christ and the church."

Many notable Americans agree with McClanen's last statement. He has received congratulatory messages from former President Eisenhower, J. Edgar Hoover, and the late John Foster Dulles. Palmer Hoyt, publisher of the *Denver Post* and a contributor to the program, wrote, "I consider the FCA a frontal attack on juvenile delinquency."

AT the Estes Park Conference hundreds of young athletes come to receive religious guidance and tips on athletic techniques from such men as Coaches Biggie Munn of Michigan State University and Dean Cromwell of the University of Southern California, professional football players Doak Walker and Otto Graham, and Olympic stars Eddie Southern and Rafer Johnson.

Ministers—most of them former athletes—from dozens of churches help to supervise. The days are divided into two opposite kinds of activities. In the mornings the athletes and youths participate in thoughtful discussion and prayer; in the afternoons they engage in energetic sports. Inspiration comes along with instruction. When a quarterback from Tulsa University became discouraged with his fumbling hand-offs, Otto Graham assured him,

"Christianity and football are alike: they both require hard work."

"I've never faced a program," says baseball's elder statesman, Branch Rickey, "which is so full of promise for so many young men in terms of service to God."

Robin Roberts, the famous pitcher, recalls: "In the long history of organized baseball I stand unmatched for putting Christianity in practice. In 1955 I gave up an all-time record of forty-one home runs. No one has ever been so good to opposing batsmen. To prove that I wasn't prejudiced, I served up home-run balls to Negroes, Italians, Jews, and Catholics alike. Race, creed, and nationality made no difference to me."

Dan Towler, of the Los Angeles Rams, considers his influence in the FCA. "If I can make contact with one youth and save him from my mistakes—from making that wrong turn—I'll be proud of my association with this Fellowship," he says. "It feels fine to be on a team where everyone is a star."

After five days of the Conference the sponsors were enthusiastic. "We really shook them up," says Gary Demarest. "There were boys here who were really moved by seeing these great athletic stars profess their faith boldly."

The younger athletes seemed impressed. As Dave Decker, a lineman at Denver's Cherry Creek High School, put it: "I know that I need something in my life. This faith business must be it." ■ ■

We spared the rod and got a beat generation anyway.—*Parts Pup.*



A hand-tied man who can't swim desperately struggles for survival in a chilly lake, hoping and praying for help . . .

Survival

By Pat Wayne

JOHNNY stood rigidly on the edge of the dock as the dark water lapped at his shoes. His stomach twisted into knots and his big shoulders fought helplessly against the ropes binding his hands together. The two evil men at his side laughed—and pushed.

As he fell, Johnny sucked in a precious breath of air. *Please, God!* His mind prayed the words silently. His bound hands fought against the

tight ropes to no avail, but he managed to kick loose his shoes, as the dark water closed over his head.

His legs kicked frantically and he was churning back up through the chilly water, desperate for another breath of air, his lungs bursting. He fought to the surface, grabbed a breath of air, blinked against the black night. Faintly he heard a car motor. The men had left him to the desolate little lake.

The water closed over his head again. *Please, God! Take care of Janie and Timmy and the folks!* He forced his eyes open and squinted painfully in the black water. He thought for a moment of Janie and how his young wife disliked being alone at night when he was on assignment. She would be wondering now why he hadn't come home.

Hope burned for a moment as he kicked against the black water and thrust his big shoulders above it for another breath of life. He struggled against his bonds but the water only seemed to tighten them. He sank back into the darkness of the lake.

The years of training for both military service and the police force brought back his calm reasoning. Swimming and floating were not accomplishments of detective first-grade Johnny Crispin. College and Air Force and special schools to become one of the youngest detectives on the force—those were the things he could master. He could play par golf, sing in the church choir, read anything from Dickens to Perry Mason—but he couldn't swim. Why didn't I ever take time to learn?

Maybe Jane had heard Mike let him out of the squad car, or maybe she heard the scuffle when the two thugs picked him up in the darkness of his own yard. Maybe Mike had circled the block and double-checked to be sure he had got into the house. Mike was a careful partner. They all realized the danger of his being the only witness against Jackson; it was he who had protested the constant attention. Maybe help was on its way even now!

The mere thought of possible help sent him kicking back up for another sweet agonizing breath of air, only again to sink back into the lake. He couldn't seem to keep himself *above water*. How long had he been here? Only minutes probably. . . . Even if he were missed. . . . Even if they could sweat out of Jackson the truth about where he had been taken, they wouldn't make it in time.

Anger surged through him giving him new strength. Captain Powers had prepared such a good case and Johnny wanted so desperately to be in court tomorrow. He hated the thought of evil laughing at the law.

AND then amidst his desperate thrashing, his prayer was answered. His mind flickered back for an instant as if the anger served as adrenalin. He remembered something he'd read. The article hit him like a blinding flash of light! It was about an amazing new method to stay alive in the water *even if one could not swim*. Don't fight the water. Relax! Relax!

The thought of survival brought the blood surging warmly through his body. He tried to force himself to relax. Easy does it, he cautioned himself. What had he read about relaxing in the water? You can live if you can relax your body. The body is made of muscle, fat and bone and air. Fat and air float. The head is the heaviest part of the body. A man can float if he doesn't try to hold his head up out of the water—only raises it high enough to get the needed breath of air.

The pictures in the article came

to his mind. The swimmer had been hanging, suspended in the water, with only the back of the head above water. Why couldn't he do it? He relaxed his body, his lungs now bursting for air. He forced himself to raise his head *slowly*, instead of thrashing upward. For a blessed instant his mouth was above water. He took his precious breath of air. *Slowly* he relaxed back into the water. He felt such a sense of elation at the thought of being suspended, bobbing like a cork, that new hope flooded him. If only his hands weren't so tightly bound. If only the docks weren't so high. But he had better be satisfied with his discovery of how to stay alive for the time being. Maybe help would come.

Who would come to this quiet little resort in the wee hours of the morning? He could feel his muscles tighten—and he forced himself to

relax. He must think of something else besides the dark lake waiting for its victim to give up and succumb to its depth. Think of something. . . .

Johnny thought of Jane. He had been thinking of her for almost five years now. He thought of her standing soft and sweet on the porch of her folk's house waiting for him. He thought of her standing serene and lovely at his side in church. He thought of her laying in the hospital—beautiful in her motherhood. He thought of their hopes and plans for the future. He longed to see her laughing, elfish face with the lovely blue eyes and the cloud of dark hair. *Janie! Janie!* he cried aloud.

He lifted his head for another breath of air. For a long moment he held his head back in the water and glimpsed the pale dawn. Then he sank quietly back to hang in his suspended position, like a watch on



a chain, in the cool water. He felt chilled and shaky and fear threatened him. How long could he keep this up? Think of something else. . .

He thought of his Mom and Dad. Saturday was his day off and he was going golfing with his Dad. Golf was such a good game. Johnny liked the force but sometimes the rugged side of his work got to him. On the golf course, he could smash the little white ball—along with his problems—and it flew with such force that it was like a bird in the sky. As he tramped the green grass and felt the heat of the sun soak into his back, he could look into the enormity of God's sky—and like life again. Then Sunday after church his Mom and Janie would fry chicken and they would picnic. Sunday was far away from the lake and its terror.

Johnny lifted his head, got a little water with his breath of air, fought the panic button, then managed to cough out the water. How did the other side know he couldn't swim? Why hadn't he learned? He had had plenty of opportunities, but he had never really liked water. He was surrounded by it now!

He decided to think about Timmy. Timmy had a magic smile. Even in the chilly dark water he felt warmer thinking about his son. When Timmy threw back his two-year-old head and laughed—you laughed, too. Timmy was a happy little boy. He knew he was loved!

JOHNNY wondered how many times he had lifted his head for the air he needed. He was so tired.

He remembered another tired chilly morning when he was doing a little police action in Korea. He decided not to think about that! Count the friends. Mike was a good partner. He had a likable way of squinting at you through his glasses. Mike was a studious guy but he could move fast when he was needed. They made a good team. The captain called them "the kids" but there was respect and affection in the words.

It was a mighty effort to lift his head now. He felt drowsy and chilled through. If only he could sleep—maybe he would be warm again. All those faces going around him . . . Janie, Dad, Mom, Timmy, Mike and the captain all shouting, "Hold on, Johnny."

Mike's voice was the loudest. Johnny lifted his head and his blood began to race again. Above him on the dock there was the glint of Mike's glasses, and Mike's voice was saying, "Hold on, Johnny."

And then Mike was in the lake beside him, glasses and all, and he was being towed to the bank. Strong arms dragged him onto the bank and he lay there, as his numb arms were being untied, and gulped in the sweet night air greedily like a hungry child. He wondered if everyone appreciated the mere pleasure of breathing in and breathing out.

Mike was pounding him on the back, his grin tremendous. "How did you manage it, partner? You can't swim. How did you stay afloat, and tied at that?"

Johnny gasped, "I read an article . . . survival in the water. How did you find me?"

"I circled the block after I let you out of the car," Mike wiped his glasses. "You were so stubborn about not having a guard, so I decided to do a little guarding on my own."

Johnny grinned. He gave thanks to his Lord, silently.

Mike grinned back, "We were lucky. A neighbor of yours saw you being dragged into the car and got a part of the license number. From then on it was routine police work—and believe me the whole force has been in action for the last hour." He put an arm about Johnny's shoulders.

"How did you get here?" asked Johnny.

Mike laughed and looked at his skinned knuckles reflectively. "A motorcycle cop spotted the car and radioed in, and I was in the closest squad car. We *persuaded* them to tell us where they had dumped you." His jaw set, "When they told me about the lake, I came on the double and left them with the cop." He swallowed. "When I saw you floating face down, I thought you were gone. . . ." His arm about Johnny was gentle, "Can you stand? We better call in. Your wife and the captain are pretty frantic."

Johnny stood up on shaky legs. The pain in his hands made him blink.

Mike's voice was soft, "I'm mighty glad you read that article, Johnny, but I think you better learn to swim."

Johnny grinned at his partner, and at the lake, and the good world. "That's for sure!" he said. ■ ■

Daily Bible Readings

JULY

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Psalms	23:1-6
2	Psalms	24:1-10
3	Psalms	27:1-14
4	Psalms	32:1-11
5	Psalms	42:1-11
6	Psalms	46:1-11
7	Sunday Psalms	51:1-19
8	Psalms	72:1-19
9	Psalms	73:1-28
10	Psalms	84:1-12
11	Psalms	90:1-17
12	Psalms	91:1-16
13	Psalms	96:1-13
14	Sunday Psalms	98:1-9
15	Psalms	100:1-5
16	Psalms	103:1-22
17	Psalms	119:1-16
18	Psalms	119:169-176
19	Psalms	121:1-8
20	Psalms	122:1-9
21	Sunday Psalms	130:1-8
22	Psalms	137:1-9
23	Psalms	139:1-12
24	Psalms	145:1-13
25	Psalms	145:14-21
26	Psalms	150:1-6
27	Genesis	27:1-17
28	Sunday Genesis	27:18-29
29	Genesis	27:30-40
30	Genesis	28:10-22
31	Genesis	33:1-11

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 20-22, U.S. Air Force; page 29, Office of War Information, National Archives; page 31, Library of Congress; pages 33-36, Dale Whitney; pages 41, 43, Fellowship of Christian Athletes; pages 56, 57, 61, U.S. Navy; pages 59, 60, U.S. Army.

When You Lose a Loved One

By Clarence W. Cranford

GOOD grief!" The readers of the comic page are familiar with this often repeated utterance of Charlie Brown. We chuckle as we read this familiar expression of frustration and disgust in the comic strip. Sooner or later, however, in the life of each one of us, there comes a time when grief enters, and there is nothing good about it. It brings forth a cry of distress because someone we love very dearly has stepped over into the great silence called death.

Nothing except the fear of our own imminent death can shake us so deeply as the loss of a loved one. Happy days are suddenly turned sad. The sunshine of untroubled days has become clouded over with sorrow, and not for a long time, if ever, will the clouds completely leave the sky. Someone we loved is gone from us forever. A beloved voice is stilled. A beloved smile is gone. A familiar face we will not see again. A companionship that has brightened our days is taken away. The pattern of our life and thoughts is abruptly halted and changed. If the person who dies is one on whom we have

depended, we are called upon to make a whole new adjustment to life.

What Happens When Death Comes?

What happens when we lose a loved one by death? There are various stages through which we may go. Usually the first reaction is one of shock, almost to the point of unbelief. Surely such a thing could not happen to one we have loved so much. We are left numb. This is the period when we are apt to cry, "Why?" "Why?" "Why has God permitted this awful thing to happen?"

Shock is often followed by genuine grief. Sometimes, at first, one is too stunned to cry, but later as something causes memories to come flooding back, and we are reminded of our loss, the tears flow. Often this is the best thing that can happen. It is nature's way of giving release to pent-up grief and emotion.

Then a sense of loneliness overtakes us. Until death took the loved one away, we could talk with him, call him on the phone, or write him a letter. Now when the familiar urge comes to contact him, we are re-

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minded he is not there, and the sense of our loss comes surging back over us anew.

Sometimes our grief is complicated and intensified by a sense of guilt. We regret we did not do more to show our love before the loved one died. Or we regret we did or said something that may have hurt the one whose forgiveness we can never ask again. If only we had done more to show our love, to express our affection when we could, but now it is too late. And so we live with a sense of guilt of which it is difficult to get rid.

What Can We Do About Grief?

What can we do to deal with our grief and loneliness? We can, and many people do, indulge in a flood of self-pity. We keep thinking about how we have been hurt, and feel sorry for ourselves. This is really a form of self-love. We are not thinking so much about the person who is gone, but about ourselves. It may seem like a strange thing to say, but some people almost seem to enjoy their sorrow. They don't want to give it up. It attracts attention to them. It makes them appear in the role of one who suffers, and needs continuing help and sympathy.

Often we can forget our grief in work. This is one of the best ways to handle grief. The best way to try to forget our own loss and loneliness is to reach out in service to others who are in need. Too many people in the world need our friendship and help to waste our time in mourning forever. Someone needs help. Someone needs attention. Someone needs

love. In trying to meet another's need, often the weight of our own sorrow becomes less.

Again we can turn to the great reassuring passages of the Bible. "I'd read the Bible more," said a high-school girl, "if it were as interesting as the *Reader's Digest*." She had not lived very long—or deeply. Some day, when she stands by a new grave that has claimed the body of one she loved very dearly, she will not want someone to read from a magazine. Then she will need the great comforting passages of the Scriptures, such as Psalm 23; John 14; 1 Corinthians 15; Revelation 21. These become great windows of assurance through which we can look to see the promise of eternal life, and through which God's love can shine into our own hearts.

Again, we can thank God for memories. Sir James Barrie once said, "God gave us memory, so that we might have roses in December." What would we do if we could not remember the times of love and laughter we spent with those who have gone on? Life would be barren indeed if it were not enriched by memories of the past, and hope for the future.

The Need of Faith

But memories are not enough. We need faith. Naturally we ask, "Shall we ever see our loved ones again?" Paul said, "Some man will ask, how are the dead raised up?" We cannot prove life after death, but we can believe it. We can believe it, first, because of the character of God. If God is love—if he is like Jesus—he

will not encourage us to want what we can never have. Stradivarius would not make a violin, just to have it played a few times, and then to smash it to pieces. And God would not make our personalities with all our capabilities for love and faith, just to have us live a few short years, and then to destroy us forever.

Moreover, we can believe in life after death because of the trustworthiness of Jesus. He would not say a thing he knew was not true, and he promised us eternal life. Indeed, he called us "children of the resurrection."

The Christian's chief reason for believing in life after death is the resurrection of Jesus. We cannot understand it. We cannot explain it. Neither could the disciples. But they believed it was true. Even Thomas, the hardest one to convince, said, "My Lord and my God." Whether we believe it or not, the disciples certainly did, and they were there. They saw the empty tomb. They experienced Christ's appearances after the resurrection. They could believe it when Jesus said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

And so we can trust our loved ones into God's care. As Paul said, "He is able to keep that which we have committed unto him"—even the souls of our loved ones. They are released from the perils and pains of this life. They are freed from the limitations of the flesh. We can leave the rest up to God. He who has power to give us life in this world, has power to give us life in the world to come. Through Christ, he has promised to do it. ■ ■

NEWS BITS

Preaching Mission at Incirlik AB, Turkey

"These Met the Master" was the theme for the 1963 Protestant Preaching Mission held March 10-14, at Incirlik AB, Turkey. Average attendance was ninety-six. Guest minister, Dr. Wm. E. Hull, from the Baptist Seminary at Zurich, Switzerland, was the speaker.

Alcohol Advertising

More than 25 per cent of the daily newspapers in the United States listed in the *Editor and Publisher Year Book* refuse advertising for alcohol in one form or another. —*Crusade News Bureau.*

Educational Work of Missionaries

"Thirty per cent of India's literacy" results from the educational work of Christian missionaries, N. D. Vadivelu, education director in Madras State, declared recently. —*Crusade News Bureau.*

Religious Retreat on Okinawa

A religious retreat for all Air Force men on Okinawa was held May 6-10 at the Ishikawa Service Center. Participants stayed at the Yaka Beach Rest Center. Theme for the retreat was Prayer.

Nation's Teen-agers to Double

The number of teen-agers in America is expected to double from 1950 to 1975, from a little over ten million to more than twenty million.

Why We Need Real Religion Now

By Frederick Ward Kates

WHAT is real and vital religion?" asks Everett Tilson. "The biblical answer is personal encounter between Spirit and spirit, a living dialogue between Person and persons, man's never-ending adventure with God," is the reply he gives to his own question.

Four over-arching reasons stand forth when the spokesman for religion these days gives his answer to the inquirer who sincerely seeks to know why men need religion these days.

THE first reason applies to men living in any time or age as well as the present hour in the history of mankind's pilgrimage on earth. It stems from our existential situation as men, as human beings created by God as he actually did create us. We need real and vital religion now, you and I and every man, as men in every generation have needed real religion, to aid us in our endeavor to do what we must do and to become and to be what God intends us to be, namely, really, truly, men.

It is, in all truth, an awful thing to be a man, a human being. It is awful in the sense of terrifying and dread-

ful and in the sense of being wondrous and marvelous. It is a fearful thing to be endowed with free will and to bear the responsibility of it, to harbor within one's self staggering possibilities for evil and also for good. It is a solemn thing to be called upon to endure what is required of all men in this our life—the basic, essential loneliness of being an independent, individual, solitary man, and face the grievous and manifold temptations, torments, tensions, sufferings, anguish of heart and mind, agony in soul and body, that are our human portion. It is, indeed, no easy or lightsome thing to be a man and to do in life what it is necessary for a man to do, namely, constantly make decisions and abide by the consequences of them, keep ever loving and sweet in temper, suffer bitterly yet nobly, and always in whatever circumstance to be thankful, yea, even to rejoice.

Yes, it's a terrifying thing to be a man, and one can readily understand and sympathize with many a modern man's consent to be an anonymous factor in a human collective such as a welfare state rather than undergo all the anguish that is implicit in be-

ing a man. It is easier to be a puppet, a robot, an automaton, a statistic, than to be a man. When one does become a machine, he forfeits the glory and grandeur of being a human being. It is a wondrous and a marvelous thing to be created only a little lower than the angels, to dream dreams such as that of the Reign of God in the lives of men on earth. It is grand to be of such value to God that he deems us worth dying for; to be of such merit that God gives himself for us.

We need, you and I and every man, real and vital religion nowadays for the same reason that men in every time and age need real religion: in order to do what we must do and to become and to be what God intends us to be—really, truly, men.

WE need real religion nowadays for a second and urgently pressing reason, namely to preserve and to hold on to our humanness in this our life and age when almost every force and trend in society conspires against a man's being a man and against a man's remaining a man. The big and crucial problem of our time is whether in the face of all the developments and features of our present-day culture the independent person, the single individual, working out his own destiny can survive. It's as basic and elemental and critical as this, the situation of every man in today's world. Therefore, we need real, vital religion now for this second and compelling reason: to help us in our efforts to stay men and to continue in life as human beings, made, to

our glory, in the image of God and not according to some social planner's blueprint.

Even a cursory glance at the contemporary scene brings to attention not one but many factors which lead us to claim that men need real religion nowadays in order to hold onto and to maintain their dignity and individuality as human beings. For one thing, note the atheism so prevalent today and what it implies so far as man is concerned. "Man is a man insofar as he is before God," said St. Francis. "Man's manhood consists in his relation with God," Bishop J. E. Lesslie Newbigin has written. Yet strident voices loudly proclaim these days that God is dead or at least absent and remote from and not interested in the human scene.

Note the mounting secularism of our time. Is it the new world religion, this view of life that leaves a personal, living, righteous God entirely out of consideration and which maintains that this life is all?

Note how man these days is diminished by technology, by his anonymous status as just a cog in the enormous mechanism of the modern welfare state in which a man loses his substance, his self, and his spiritual center, and by his being herded into all forms of collectives, not communities. These days man is being further depersonalized and dehumanized by being considered increasingly as only a digit, a number. And as of now automation has not worked noticeably to the benefit of man, and the revolution of the computing machines, we understand,

will be complete by 1980. If so, Orwell's 1984 will be only four years away!

Note how man is uprooted and displaced these days as never before in his history—from the land, from home and family, and from occupation. The displaced person and the refugee might well serve as the symbols for our age.

And more and more man is falling under the sway of the new religion of Scientism, which for millions has supplanted Christianity. This new faith is built on the idea that science and the scientific method can explain everything. Due to its triumphs in no small part, men in today's world increasingly feel they are living in Wasteland, "the state of man and society when separated from their only source of meaning—God." Or maybe it is a Flatland which is for millions of men today their home—an impersonal world and universe marked by God's absence.

The outcome of it all is that men these days are in despair, some mutely so, others vocally and violently, for they are trying to make a life in a world in which for all practical purposes God is dead, and "whoever has no god has no self, and who has no self is in despair." It's not, in short, an easy time for a man who wants to be a man to be living. One bravely hopes that the contemporary playwright, Samuel Beckett, is not speaking the truth but fears he is when he says, "God died in the nineteenth century; man disappeared in the twentieth."

Why do we need real, vital religion, we who are alive today? Our

answer is, in part: to help us in our efforts and endeavor to stay men in a time and age when everything, it would seem, is working against the success of such a venture.

OUR third reason for maintaining that we and all men need real religion now is that we must have it to help us keep on being civilized men.

Albert Schweitzer states the point for us: "The idea of the civilized man is none other than that of a man who maintains his humanity under all conditions. For ourselves it almost means to be civilized men if we maintain ourselves as men under the conditions of modern civilization."

OUR fourth and final reason for pressing the urgency of our holding and our being held by vital, active religion now is: because to live with any measure of success as a human being, as a Christian, and as a civilized man, now and increasingly in the days and years soon to come, is a moral and spiritual heroism born out of standing among men in the power and strength of God alone. We need real religion now to build us up in true manhood and to reinforce what degree of manhood we already have achieved, and to develop in us that heroic virtue which, buttressed by the supernatural grace of God, will alone enable us to be and to do what God expects of us today and in the days to come.



You are only one but you are one.



VADM Thomas H. Moorer, Commander, U.S. Seventh Fleet, and Dr. Takeshi Muto, Moderator of the National Christian Council of Japan, cut ribbon formally opening the Japan Christian Hospitality Center at Yokosuka. The center is located in the Tourist International Arcade, and is provided for American servicemen by the Protestant Churches of Japan through the National Christian Council.

Japanese Christians

Welcome GIs

Christian Hospitality Center
dedicated in Yokosuka . . .

AMERICAN church members, long accustomed to thinking of missions as something they do for foreigners, are on the receiving end of a unique Christian missionary venture that has been launched in Yokosuka, Japan. On February 14, 1963, the new Japan Christian Hospitality Center was opened by the Japanese churches for American servicemen. Yokosuka, home port of major units of the United States Seventh Fleet and site of its largest supporting Naval Base, is visited by great numbers of American Navy men each year. Through the new hospitality center young American churchmen learn from Japanese Christians that missionary activity is a two-way street.

Entertainment in Japanese Christian homes, worship and fellowship in their churches, and personal interpreters (Christian students) to accompany them on sightseeing or shopping expeditions, are among the courtesies extended to American servicemen by Japanese Christians through the new hospitality center.

Also available are a number of activities for organized groups led by chaplains or lay leaders. Among the church-centered tours offered is a "Religions of Japan" tour which takes American Navy men to a Buddhist temple, where worship customs are explained by a Buddhist monk; a Shinto shrine, where they hear explanations from a Shinto priest; and a Christian church where they meet and talk with a Japanese pastor. Another group tour takes Americans on a visit to Meiji Gakuin University, the oldest Christian col-

lege in Japan, followed by a visit to a 300-year-old garden and a ceremonial teahouse where they participate in a traditional tea ceremony. Another shows them representative Christian churches and social work institutions.

The hospitality center also arranges for retreats, work camps or joint worship services.

Other courtesies to individuals include a "What Shall I Do Today?" service for men on liberty, offering them suggestions, information, and an assortment of self-conducted sightseeing and picture-taking tours.

The Hospitality Center's Missionary Locator Service helps the Navy man find a missionary known to him or his home church or locates the closest mission or church of his own denomination, and arranges a visit for him. The "How To Visit a Mission" guidesheet provided as part of this service gives him hints not only for his own visit, but also on making a report to his church back home.



Maynard E. Moe, SK3, and Gene Strauch, MMFN, both serving aboard the USS *Tortuga* (LSD-26), discuss liberty plans with Mr. Kanji Shimada, director of the Hospitality Center.



Chaplain R. G. Hutcheson, Jr., senior chaplain at HSA, Yokosuka, Japan, introduces Maynard E. Moe, SK3, attached to USS *Tortuga* (LSD-26), to Miss Asako Shimizu, hostess at Hospitality Center.

American Navy men meet with a youth fellowship group at a Japanese church in Kamakura. Such meetings are arranged by the Hospitality Center upon request. Navy men are, l-r: Albert L. Honegger, YN3, HSA; Earl D. Kilgore, SEP3, USS *Tom Green County* (LST-1159); and Robert L. Wasson, Jr., RM3, Naval Communication Station.



Let Us Pray

Almighty God, we thank thee for America—its mountains and lakes, its plains and prairies, its homes and people, its government and churches. In this democratic land thou hast given us freedom and opportunity unparalleled in the history of the human race. Yet we are human beings and therefore weak and sinful. Forgive us our vaunted pride, our prejudices, our short-sightedness. Grant us wisdom to use the power entrusted to us for the benefit and blessing of all mankind. May we ever keep the altar fires of God burning within our dear land. And make us a base for the proclamation of the gospel to the whole earth. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

Holy Father, give us world peace. Grant the nations an understanding of thy holy will and thy purposes for peoples everywhere. Where nations are prone to turn to communism with all its inherent evils—its materialism, its destruction of freedom, its atheism—give them insight into the evils they toy with. Bring in a new world order of brotherhood. May the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. May thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

We pray, heavenly Father, for a spirit of loyalty to thee. Help us to be loyal to Jesus Christ in our thinking, in our attitudes, in our deeds, in all of life. May we stand by the truth we have learned from thy Holy Book. May we walk in the footsteps of thy Son, our Savior and our Guide. We recognize that the most noble thing that can be said about anybody is that he is Christlike. So may we be Christlike. Grant that every day we will learn more of thee; that we will become more unselfish; more persevering; more willing to toil hard in the work thou hast given us to do. If we know our hearts, we commit ourselves to thee—unreservedly. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. *Amen.*

Lord God, this day we confess our sins and seek thy forgiveness. We have failed thee. We have sinned in thought, in action, in emotions and in deeds. We have broken our vows. We have not kept our promises. Our record has been stained. Temptation has come and we have yielded. Moreover, we have left undone what we ought to have done. So Father, forgive us. We rededicate ourselves to thee. Cleanse us and use us for thy glory. We pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

UCM to Europe

A six-man delegation of men's work leaders from U.S. churches visited Europe from April 18 to May 21. Purpose of the visit was to get an inside view of men's work in five countries. The delegation was headed by Dr. Don L. Calame, general director of United Church Men of the National Council of Churches. A return visit from European lay leaders to the U.S.A. is anticipated in 1964.

New Look in Church Buildings

The new look in church buildings is simplicity. This is the conclusion of theologians and architectural designers at the 1963 National Conference on Church Architecture held in Seattle, Wash., March 5-7.

New King James Version Reference Bible

The American Bible Society announces the publication of a new English Reference Bible, King James Version. Hundreds of ministers, professors of theology, writers and laymen were surveyed to determine what they wanted in a reference Bible. Their suggestions have been embodied in the new text which has been in preparation since 1946. Price is \$2.05.

Prayer Book for Episcopalians

Dr. Robert Plumb, Exec. Secy., Armed Forces Division, Protestant

Episcopal Church, announces "the New Armed Forces Prayer Book" for Episcopalians. Ask your Episcopal chaplain for a copy.

Employment Service for Teen-Agers

An employment service for teen-agers designed as a deterrent to delinquency has been launched by six churches on the fringe of Kansas City's downtown district. The service recruits youth and conducts an orientation program to fit them for work.

Chaplain (Capt) William Rayburn Gentry was presented the Army Commendation Medal for Meritorious Service by Chaplain (Col) Gregory R. Kennedy, Commandant, U.S. Army Chaplain School, Fort Hamilton, N.Y., for outstanding service while stationed at Fort Buchanan, P.R., February 1959—October 1962.



Friendship

Brig. Gen. E. B. Lebailly, USAF, commander of U.S. forces in the Azores, has written warmly praising the American Red Cross for the 8,650 friendship boxes sent to children on the islands last year.

In Greenland

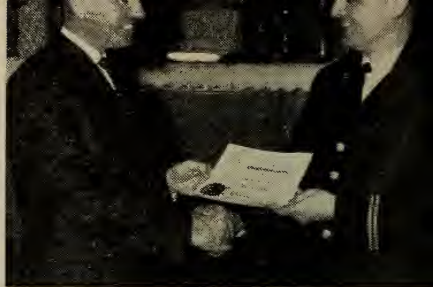
U.S. airmen stationed at Sondrestrom Air Base, Greenland, are working through translators to teach Red Cross first aid to employees of the Scandavian Airlines System hotel of the Royal Greenland Trade Department.

Christian Faith in USSR

"The persistence of religious belief in one-quarter of the adult population of the Soviet Union forty-five years after the Revolution constitutes a fundamental contradiction of Marxist theory," Dr. Paul B. Anderson, an expert on the Eastern Churches, has stated. He estimates there are fifty million believers in God in the Soviet Union today. In order of membership, the Christians belong to the Orthodox, Armenian, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Evangelical-Christian Baptist, and Reformed churches.

Two Papers

We have received copies of *Height Finder*, a small, eight-page pastoral newsletter of the Office of the Reno Air Defense Sector Chaplain. Chaplain, Capt, Dean L. Minton is chaplain. An article on "Maturity" says: "Maturity is many things: it's the ability to base a judgment on the Big Picture—the Long Haul; the



Chaplain (Capt) Harold D. Summers, presents Col William P. Williamson, USAF, 6910th RGM, a certificate from The General Commission on Chaplains as the layman who contributed most to the Protestant Religious Program at Darmstadt Sub-post during 1962.

ability to stick with a project until it is finished; the ability to face unpleasantness without complaint; the ability to make a decision and then stick with it; the ability to harness abilities and energies and do more than is expected."

Also a copy of *Protestant Parish Reporter* from Naha Air Base, Okinawa. Chaplain, Lt Col, Eric L. Danielson, Base Chaplain; and Chaplain, Capt, Paul G. Mathre, Editor. An interesting item is "The Counselor's Corner" where Chaplain, Capt, Malcolm E. Smith discusses this question: "My husband never attends chapel. I have asked him to attend church with me . . . but he stays at home to read the Sunday newspaper. How can I get him to take an interest in church activities?" The reply (in brief): "He will never attend as a result of nagging. . . . Make him see a difference in your life by the way you live in the grass

roots areas of your life. . . . Stop asking for a while, and try to make him want to attend. . . . Still he may never come; but remain faithful yourself and pray that God will impress him with his responsibility as leader in the home."

Epilepsy Foundation

"The Story of a Million People" published by the Epilepsy Foundation, 1729 F St., NW, Washington 6, D.C., gives the basic facts about epilepsy; It is not contagious; it is not disabling; it does not cause feeble-mindedness. It is a disorder of the nervous system characterized by more or less distinctive disturbances in the rhythm of electrical discharges from the brain. You may secure a copy of the pamphlet free. The Foundation also welcomes gifts toward its work.

What do the people with epilepsy ask of you? Help remove the stigma of epilepsy created by our laws. "They do not ask for your sympathy; but they do ask that you understand their problem."

New President of Allied Youth

Dr. Thomas J. Shipp, pastor of the Lovers Lane Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas, has been elected chairman of the Board of Trustees of Allied Youth, Inc., a temperance organization with headquarters at 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington 6, D.C.

"Flight Path Preacher"

Robert Kerr of Tampa, Fla., has sent us a news item about the Rev.

Charles Douglas Hutchins, pastor of the Interbay Methodist Church, Tampa, who has become known as the "Flight Path Preacher." Dr. Hutchins was out on a routine call when Lt. Robert L. Harlen came floating down to earth in a parachute because the plane he was flying had begun to crack up and did finally crash. Dr. Hutchins was the first to reach the pilot. He took the lieutenant by the hand and asked if he would like to have prayer. They bowed in prayer in the lot where the airman had dropped. The Sunday after the crash, a special service of thanksgiving was held at the Interbay Methodist Church.

CDR Jennings B. Wilson, Naval Air Station #3835 administrative officer and committee chairman of the fund-raising drive for the church at Kibo ga Oka, displays the official emblem of the campaign to committee men during a meeting. Chaplains aimed at raising \$3,500 for this church project.



The Link Calendar

JULY is a big month in the Calendar with Independence Day and golf tournaments and vacations and picnicking and summer religious retreats. Too many people say: "We live tomorrow," and perhaps tomorrow never comes; so live today. "Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day" (Mt. 6:34).

June 25-Sept. 1. "Unto These Hills." Historic drama, Cherokee, N.C.

June 26-Aug. 25. Aspen Music Festival, Aspen, Colo.

June 29-Aug. 13. Ravinia Music Festival. Ravinia, near Chicago, Ill.

June 30-Sept. 2. "Stephen Foster Story." Bardstown, Ky.

July 1-4. Civil War Centennial. Gettysburg, Pa.

July 1-13. British Contemporary Music Festival. Cheltenham, England.

July 1. Official Birthday of U.S. Postage Stamps. First U.S. stamp issued July 1, 1847.

July 2-6. 47th Annual Convention, International Christian Endeavor Society. For complete information write to International Society of Christian Endeavor, 1221 E. Broad St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

July 3-4. All-Florida Championship Rodeo. Arcadia, Fla.

July 4. INDEPENDENCE DAY. Declaration of Independence adopted July 4, 1776.

July 4. "Firecracker 250" Race. Daytona Beach, Fla.

July 4-Aug. 21. Berkshire Music Festival. Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.

July 6-7. Partial eclipse of the moon.

July 7-13. National Play Tennis Week.

July 8-13. U.S.G.A. Public Links Golf Tournament. Sacramento, Calif.

July 11-12. National Cherry Festival. Traverse City, Mich.

July 12-15. North American Indian Days Celebration. Browning, Montana.

July 14. Bastille Day. Bastille captured July 14, 1789.

July 14-20. Captive Nations Week. Expression of U.S. alliance for freedom with captive nations in Europe, Asia and Latin America.

July 18-20. U.S.G.A. Women's Open Golf Tournament. Cincinnati, Ohio.

July 18-25. National Pet Week. Get a dog. Or a cat. Or some other pet.

July 19. Here's a good one. International Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Contest. Stroud, Okla. Watch out, men!

July 19-21. We like this one better. Maine Potato Blossom Festival.

July 20-27. Religious Drama Workshop. Lake Forest, Ill.

July 21-27. National Farm Safety Week.

July 23-Aug. 26. Wagner Opera Festival. Bayreuth, Germany.

July 23-28. Cheyenne Frontier Days. Cheyenne, Wyo.

July 24-27. 81st Royal Canadian Henley Rowing Regatta. Port Dalhousie, Ont.

July 24. 188th Anniversary of the Army Chaplain Corps.

July 31-Aug. 1. U.S.G.A. Junior Amateur Golf Tournament. Florence, S.C.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion. The ideas found herein may also be helpful to lay leaders as they prepare talks or sermons.

1. The Struggle for the World (page 5)

Bible Material: Galatians 5:1-24

Do you agree that we are "now engaged in World War III"? Why or why not? Characterize the forces that are struggling for the world. Who is winning? How can we make a greater contribution to the Christian church as it struggles for victory?

2. Can Christianity Survive These Enemies? (page 23)

Bible Material: Ephesians 2:1-22

What are the enemies of Christianity today? What ways are used by these enemies to defeat Christianity? How does Christianity win in the battle with its enemies?

3. Viewpoints on Military Service (page 37)

Bible Material: Matthew 22:15-22; Romans 13:1-7

Who is a CO? A CP? What do those who hold to the I-A-O position say? What do those who hold to the I-O position say? What about the people who hold I-A? How is a strong military force a preserver of the peace? What does Jesus say about war and peace? Paul? The New Testament?

4. When You Lose a Loved One (page 50)

Bible Material: Luke 23:39-43; John 14:1-7

How does one feel when death comes to a loved one? What can we do about grief? What makes us able to go through the valley of the shadow of death? What assurances do we have that a loved one has gone to heaven? What evidences point to a reunion with those we love when we die.

THE FENCE by Thomas A. Peart

With the easiest kind of protection
I fence those "little foxes" in;
Prevent the angry word, the quick retort
With the simple magic of a grin.

Books Are Friendly Things

The Battle of Alma by Peter Gibbs. J. B. Lippincott Co., E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia 5, Pa. \$3.95.

Another in the series of **Great Battles of History** edited by Hanson W. Baldwin. Ever hear of the Alma River? Perhaps you would not have if it had not been for the battle recounted in this book. It, of course, is located in the Crimea and there in 1854 the decisive battle of the War of the Crimea was fought between Russia and the Allies—the British and the French. The war began between Turkey and Russia; but before the British and French could arrive to aid the Turks, the Russians had already been driven back. The Allies were determined to fight and landed troops and won a victory; but it was a “fruitless victory” for, although the Russians were driven back, they were really in no worse a situation than before.

Daily Prayers for Youth by Walter L. Cook. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 17, N.Y. \$1.95.

Teen-agers need to pray but about what? Walter Cook of Bangor Theological Seminary knows teen-agers and here suggests many exciting things to pray about—not just the routine. When you open your mouth to brag, when you go on a date, when you face a tough tomorrow; after you’ve been a liar, after you’ve flunked an exam; if your friends say you’re touchy; if you’re worrying about your health; when you don’t like what you see in a mirror—and the like.

The language is choice and the ideas solid. This would be a good gift-book for a teen-ager.

Great Americans at a Glance. Pacific Coast Publishers, Campbell Ave. at Scott Drive, Menlo Park, Calif. \$1.00 per volume.

Vol. 1: **Great American Explorers, Statesmen, Historians, Army and Navy Officers.**

Vol. 2: **Great American Inventors and Scientists.**

Vol. 3: **Great American Authors.**

Here are brief biographical word-pictures of famous Americans along with beautiful pen-and-ink sketches. These cannot substitute for longer biographies, but if you are looking for brief statements about Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Boone, Robert Fulton, Thomas Edison, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson—and many, many others, you’ll find them in these books.

Sound Off! (Continued from page 4)

Christian life, I do not think it is impossible. I have seen many cases where individuals live according to Christian principles so I know it can be done.

I thank you for the help the Commission gives the men through THE LINK. I am always glad to see the order arrive each month as it always has so many wonderful articles that can be put to daily use in life.

—Sp4 Jerry McVicker, 42nd Field Hospital, APO 215, New York, N.Y.

It's Hard to Be a Christian

I would like to say that I do not doubt Airman Yokely's sincerity; but I definitely disagree with him when he says that it is not hard to be a Christian in the Armed Forces. It is hard to be a Christian anywhere, in my opinion. As Billy Graham said in his article "The Sin of Tolerance" appearing in THE LINK: "Jesus Christ, who journeyed from heaven to earth and back to heaven again—who knew the way better than any man who ever lived—said, 'Enter by the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the way is easy, that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard, that leads to life, and those who find it are few' (Mt. 7:13, 14)." Read this entire article; then be sure you're in a completely intolerant position with regard to sin. This includes your loved ones, friends, fellow workers, superiors (regardless of rank), and yourself.

I find these things so hard that I have failed time and again.

—A1C Donald K. Chastain, USAF, Ellsworth AFB, S. Dakota.

Congratulations to the Brants

I have just given birth to our third daughter. . . . I've always felt the birth of a child is a miracle of God. . . . As the Chaplain came in, he was carrying copies of THE LINK and I asked him for one for we have always enjoyed this magazine. . . .

I'm writing to say I agree with Airman Yokely that "it is not hard to be a Christian in the armed services. . . ." My husband is making a career of the Navy. . . . When he goes out on a cruise, he always puts a Bible in his seabag. I never have to worry about him for I know he is a Christian wherever he goes. He is a Christian at home as well as at the base. Since we're both Christians, I know we have a full and rewarding future in the Navy.

I want to thank you for giving me a chance to express myself.

—Mrs. Robert (Patricia) Brant, 114 Circle Drive, Jacksonville, N.C.

Harper's Bible Commentary by Wm. Neil Harper and Row, 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y. \$5.95.

Here is a book-by-book running commentary on the whole Bible. It is readable and concise. It does not give a verse-by-verse analysis of the Bible as some larger commentaries do. Nonetheless, laymen need such a commentary to get an overall view of the books of the Bible.

At Ease!

SIGN on an executive's desk: "I'd gladly admit my faults if I had any."
—Jack Herbert.

Two lanky youths from the hill country went to hear a politician make a speech. The man hadn't been speaking very long when one lad turned to the other and asked, "Who is this man, Jeff?"

"I dunno," said Jeff, "but he shore do recommend hisself."—Anna Herbert.

A woman decided to have the shape of her nose changed, and consulted a plastic surgeon as to the cost of the operation.

"One thousand dollars," she was told.

"A thousand dollars!" exploded the prospective patient. "Isn't there something less expensive?"

"Well," said the surgeon meditatively, "you could try walking into a lamp-post."—Emily Lotney in *Quote*.

Overheard at a coffee break: "One thing about the speed of light—it gets here too early in the morning."
—*Atlas News*.

Cheerful people, the doctors say, resist disease better than the glum ones. In other words, the surly bird catches the germ.—*Nuggets*.

Mother of small boy to child psychiatrist: "Well, I don't know whether *he* feels insecure, but everybody else in the neighborhood certainly does!"—*Tracks*.



"Better give me something with sergeant stripes. I don't want to have to come back tomorrow."

A young colleague admitted to Theodor Fontane that he couldn't make up his mind to get married because he was afraid of women.

"But that's just why you should marry," advised Fontane. "A married man only has to be afraid of one woman; an unmarried man has to be afraid of all of them!"—*Wochenpost* (tr. by *Quote*).



APPROACH TO GOD

A sky of blue;

A drop of rain.

A bluebird's sky;

A field of grain.

A flash of light;

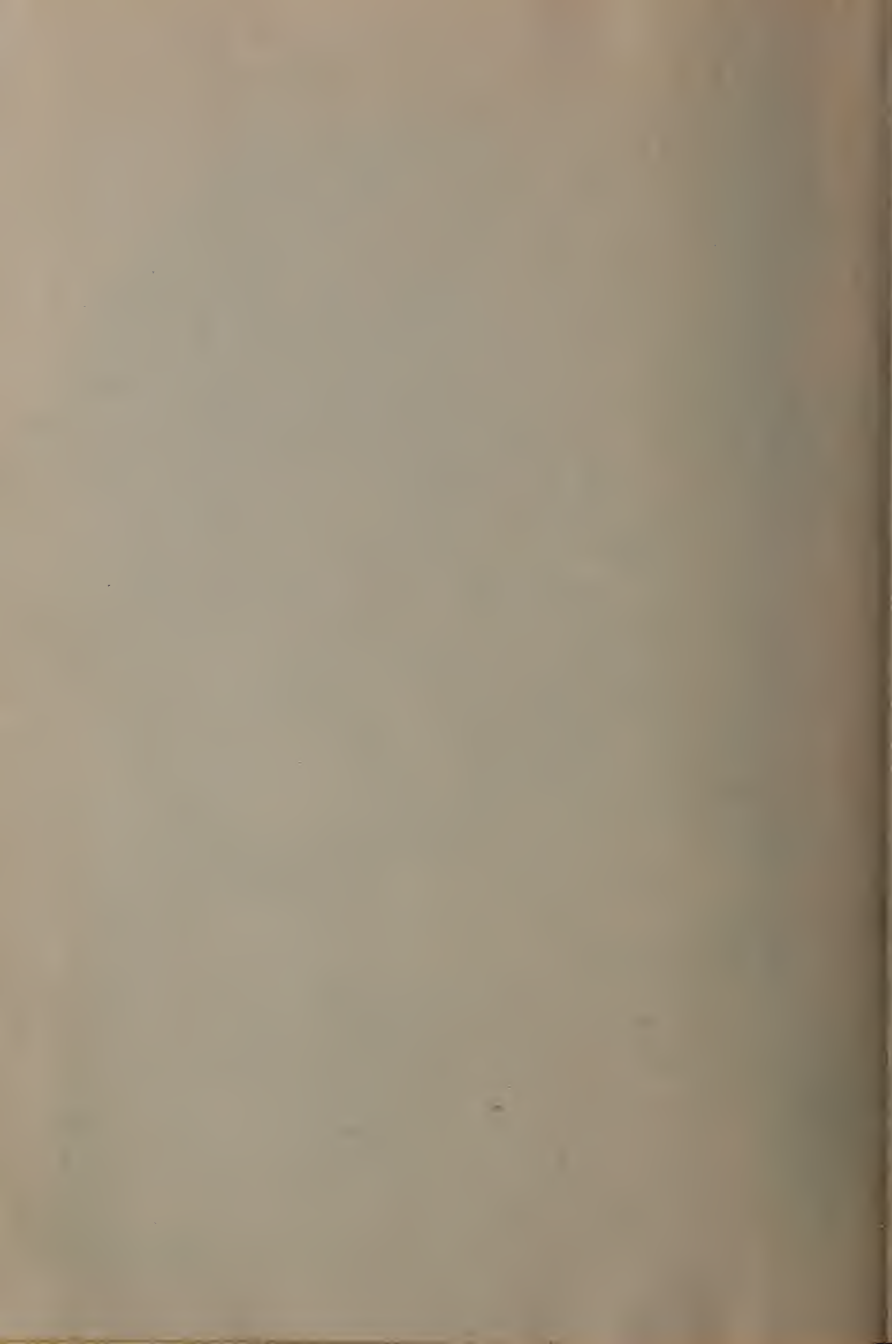
Green on the sod.

A bit of faith

Brings me to God.

—Dorothy Watkey





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